The Outlook

Vol. 69 November 30, 1901 No. 13

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The Outlook

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Secretary Hay's Speech

The speech by John Hay, Secretary of State, at the Chamber of Commerce dinner in New York City last week, was, if not an epoch-making, at all events an epoch-interpreting, address. "There was," he said, "a time when diplomacy was a science of intrigue and falsehood, of traps and mines and countermines." This conception of diplomacy belongs to the past. The world has moved onward. Trickiness and deceit are not more honorable in international negotiations than in individual negotiations; the ethics for a nation do not differ from the ethics for an individual; and nations are themselves beginning to recognize this principle.

> In my experience of diplomatic life, which now covers more years than I like to look back upon, and in the far greater record of American diplomacy which I have read and studied, I can say without hesitation that we have generally told squarely what we wanted, announced in every negotiation what we were willing to give, and allowed the other side to accept or reject our terms. During the time in which I have been prominently concerned in our foreign relations, I can also say that we have been met by the representatives of other powers in the same spirit of frankness and sincerity. You, as men of large affairs, will bear me out in saying there is nothing like straightforwardness to beget its like.

Secretary Hay bore also significant testimony to the fact that publicity has helped to promote frankness. "The comparative simplicity of our diplomatic methods," he said, "would be a matter of necessity if it were not of choice. Secret treaties, reserved clauses, private understandings, are impossible to us." This testimony fully counterbalances all the disadvantages which our public discussion of treaties supposedly involves, and indicates that still greater publicity would be beneficial rather than injurious. Mr. Hay spoke with modest reserve of the success which has attended recent American diplomacy, but in two sentences propounded the principles which have guided the Nation:

> But if we are not permitted to boast of what we have done, we can at least say a word about what we have tried to do, and the principles which have guided our action. The briefest expression of our rule of conduct is, perhaps, the Monroe Doctrine and the Golden Rule. With this simple chart we can hardly go far wrong.

The readers of The Outlook do not need to be told what we think of the success which has given to President McKinley and his Secretary of State an international reputation as diplomatists of the first rank, and Mr. Hay's speech is of special interest and value because it indicates that the principles and spirit of Christ win success in a field where cynical men of the world would regard them least applicable—diplomatic negotiations between different nations.

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The Isthmian Canal Treaty

On Monday of last week the new treaty or convention affecting the proposed Isthmian Canal was signed at Washington by Lord Pauncefote for Great Britain and Secretary Hay for the United States. Thus are completed the negotiations which have been carried on since the Senate refused to ratify the first treaty agreed upon between the two Powers. Until the President sends the treaty to the Senate, or outlines it in his forthcoming message, no authoritative statement can be had as to its exact provisions, and comment upon it, to be of value, must be reserved until the document as a whole is before the public. Reports from Washington and from London agree that the provision in the first Hay-Pauncefote treaty restricting the right of the United States to fortify the canal is not contained in the agreement just signed. It is also believed that the new

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convention omits any attempt to provide for a joint guarantee of the neutrality of the canal by Great Britain and the United States, and that in all matters relating to the Isthmian project it supersedes and abrogates the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty. The canal will beyond doubt be open on equal terms to the commerce of all the world. The English press has generally expressed approval of the results now reached, although some papers hold that England has conceded everything without compensation. Secretary Hay, in his address before the New York Chamber of Commerce, upon which we comment elsewhere, after referring to American advances in Hawaii, Samoa, and the Philippines, said: "Next in order will come a Pacific cable and an Isthmian canal, for the use of all well-disposed peoples, but under exclusive American ownership and American control—of both of which great enterprises President McKinley and President Roosevelt have been the energetic and consistent champions." The reference to the Pacific cable makes it all but certain that the commercial company which proposes to lay the cable will receive the required authorization before long; newspaper reports state that the company has already made large contracts with English firms for the actual work.

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The "Reciprocity" Convention

The "Reciprocity" Convention held in Washington last week under the call of the National Association of Manufacturers was in its major part a convention of men opposed to reciprocity. Its dominant spirit was strongly marked from the very outset. The permanent Chairman, President Search, of the Manufacturers' Association, made, it is true, a strong speech in favor of very conservative advances along the path of reciprocity; but it was noticeable that when he quoted President Roosevelt's aphorism, "Benefits must be given where benefits are sought," there was no applause; and when he quoted President McKinley's last public injunction, "We must not repose in fancied security that we can forever sell everything and buy little or nothing," there was again an ominous silence; but when he declared, speaking for those who had called the Convention together, "Our aim has been to forestall tariff agitation, not to encourage it," the room rang with applause. Under the rules of the Convention there could be no discussion of any further tariff revision than could be accomplished under the Dingley Bill, which provides that present duties may be reduced one-fifth by reciprocity treaties, without further authority from the House of Representatives. But even this amount of revision was plainly unwelcome to the great body of the Convention. The guiding principle in the deliberations was that there should be no concession to open new markets abroad for any industry, however great, by which any other industry, however small, would have its home market restricted.

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Discussion of Reciprocity Treaties

The discussion was formally opened by a strong paper by the Hon. A. B. Farquhar, of Pennsylvania, in favor of reciprocity, and a captivating speech by Mr. Charles Heber Clark, of the same State, against it. Mr. Farquhar pointed out that the fear caused by our invasion of foreign markets and the resentment caused by the extreme height of our own tariff had aroused an agitation throughout Europe in favor of erecting higher barriers against American goods. We are being met in Europe, he said, "by closed or closing doors." France had already taken action against us, and many of our goods are now subjected to her maximum duties, while the goods of our competitors have the advantage of her minimum duties. The pending Kasson treaty with France would open the French market to American producers. President McKinley had estimated that it would add $25,000,000 to our exports without essential injury to any American industry. Yet this treaty had been held up in the Senate month after month by the opposition of a few manufacturers of knit goods and imitation jewelry. The opposition to this treaty, Mr. Farquhar declared, could only be compared with the attitude of the man who, when the crops were threatened by drought, prayed the Lord not to send rain lest somebody should be out without an umbrella. Mr. Farquhar's speech was well received because of its

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ability, but Mr. Clark's reply was applauded with enthusiasm from start to finish. He depicted in glowing colors the prosperity of the country under the present tariff, warned the audience of the alarm which the suggestion of tariff changes would send through the community, and pointed out that the only reciprocity favored in the Republican National platform was one under which we should open our markets to goods which we cannot produce ourselves. Reciprocity between this country and any other, he went on amid increasing applause, is necessarily one-sided. We are the greatest country in the world, and when we make a reciprocity treaty we give a larger market than we get. When we have reciprocity with Canada, for example, we get a market of five million people and give a market of seventy-five million. "It is like the bargain between the rooster and the horse not to tread on one another's toes." Neither Mr. Clark nor his enthusiastic supporters were at all embarrassed by the fact that his logic would make the present unlimited reciprocity between Pennsylvania and Delaware simply ruinous to Pennsylvania, which gives thirty times the market it gets. From the condemnation of reciprocity in the abstract Mr. Clark proceeded to condemn reciprocity in the concrete—the pending French treaty. It meant, he said, a knife to the knitting industry. In fact, he said, reciprocity means "reciprocal assassination." The strong exporting industries which demanded it said, "We will knife this weaker industry in order to make a little more ourselves—and we are making a good deal now."

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Resolutions to Postpone Action

Mr. Clark's general speech against reciprocity was followed by speeches in rapid succession from special representatives of the knit goods industry, the imitation jewelry industry, and the perfumery industry, all protesting that the French treaty would work irretrievable loss to their trades. No treaty, it was urged, ought to be prepared until representatives of all the industries affected had been consulted. This suggestion, which was received with applause, was made the keynote of the resolutions subsequently adopted. During the first day the speeches were so uniformly against any reciprocity action that a Western miller privately dubbed the Conference an "anti-reciprocity convention." In the evening, however, and the day following several speeches for reciprocity were heard. Mr. F. B. Thurber, of New York, pointed out that the Kasson treaty merely reduced the duty on imitation jewelry from 60 per cent. to 50, leaving it at exactly the rate thought sufficient under the McKinley Bill of 1890. The perfumery manufacturers only lost 7 per cent. of the protection now accorded them, and had 65 per cent. remaining! Ex-Mayor Schieren, of Brooklyn, and Mr. W. B. Rice, of Boston, showed that the present 15 per cent. duty on hides—which reciprocity with the Argentines would remove—handicapped our shoe manufacturers, who could otherwise increase their European sales by millions. They were never able, said Mr. Rice, to get any rebate of duties because they were never able to prove that their shoes were made exclusively of imported hides. Mr. James Deering, of Chicago, representing the National Association of Agricultural Implement and Vehicle Manufacturers, urged the ratification of the French treaty, and warned the audience that the Republican party could not expect to reawaken enthusiasm for reciprocity unless concrete results were obtained. But these men were in a relatively small minority. The resolutions, skillfully drafted by a committee of which Mr. Tompkins, of North Carolina, was chairman, went as far as the Convention could have been induced to go in seeming to favor reciprocity action at some future time. The important paragraphs read as follows:

First. That this Convention recommends to Congress the maintenance of the principle of protection for the home market, and to open up by reciprocity opportunities for increased foreign trade by special modifications of the tariff, in special cases, only where it can be done without injury to any of our home interests of manufacturing, commerce, or farming.

Second. That in order to ascertain the influence of any proposed treaty on our home interests, this Convention recommends to Congress the establishment of a Reciprocity Commission, which shall be charged with the duty of investig[illegible] the condition of any industry and r[illegible] same to the Executive and

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to Congress, for guidance in negotiating reciprocal trade agreements.

Inasmuch as these resolutions clearly demanded the rejection of the present Kasson treaty with France—which the Illinois Manufacturers' Association had indorsed—they received the support of all the anti-reciprocity delegates, while their friendliness to future action disarmed the opposition of all but two of the free-trade manufacturers. Another resolution was passed asking for the creation of a Department of Commerce, with a Cabinet officer at its head and the Reciprocity Commission for one of its bureaus. This resolution called forth no opposition whatever—the anti-reciprocity delegates apparently realizing that the work of the reciprocity bureau would be as the old English rhyme had it:

> To pause, prepare, advance, postpone,
> And end by letting things alone.
> In short, to earn the people's pay
> By doing nothing every day.

❀

The Diaz Doctrine The picturesque feature of the Pan-American Congress has been a speech by Señor Chavero, a Mexican delegate. He vigorously affirmed that the Monroe Doctrine, which for three-quarters of a century had been of vital import to the Central and South American Republics, should now receive the addition of a doctrine which the President of the United States of Mexico had long espoused. The doctrine might well be known by his name. In a word, while the Monroe Doctrine keeps off European aggression, the Diaz Doctrine would affirm the inviolability of each of the American Republics from aggression by any other. The speaker's eulogy of Juarez, and the long campaign he kept up against the Maximilian empire, have been thought to have some bearing on the conditions in the Transvaal and in the Philippines. In reviewing his country's history Señor Chavero dwelt on the services of Juarez in maintaining what the speaker characterized as a guerrilla war against France in 1864–5. This characterization, however, is hardly correct. It is true that the French army had easily crushed Mexican regulars, and that in 1864–5 the seventy thousand troops under Marshal Bazaine were not confronted by any army able to give them battle. But a republican government was maintained during all this time. The forces of Juarez constituted a real army, though an insignificant one. It was not until it was reported that Juarez had fled from the country in October, 1865, that the Maximilian government ventured to assume that the republican government had succumbed, and to treat republicans as rebels liable to a death penalty. And even then it was the empire, not the republic, that was nearing its end. Between the condition of the Mexican republic, assured as it was of a powerful support so soon as our own Civil War was ended, led in person by its President, who never despaired of freeing his country from the invaders, and the Boer forces, with their President in voluntary exile, or the island of Luzon, with no form of native government of any kind, and no possibility of intervention by a stronger power in either case, there is no real historical parallel. Moreover, it must be remembered that in Mexico it was the French Government that declared war against Mexico, whereas in the Transvaal it was the Boers who declared war, and in Luzon it was Aguinaldo who initiated it.

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The Northern Securities Company Last week Governor Van Sant, of Minnesota, sent out to the Governors of North Dakota, Montana, Idaho, and Washington letters stating the facts concerning the alleged attempt to consolidate the Northern Pacific and Great Northern Railways by means of the Northern Securities Company, and asking for an opinion as to State action. Last week also Mr. Hill, President of the Northern Securities Company, is reported to have said that each of the roads owned by that Company will continue to do business under its own name; that each will be operated strictly in accordance with the laws of the States through which it runs; that there will be no consolidation, no attempt at a division of territory, and no attempt at a joint regulation of rates. President Hill insists, so it is stated, that the main effects of unity of control of the Great Northern and the Northern Pacific will be in the cessation of rate warfares, the consequent benefiting of shippers in all of the Northwestern

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States, and a stoppage of the construction of expensive branches into undeveloped territory. The Minnesota Legislature can hardly prevent a company organized in another State from acquiring control of the property of two railway companies in Minnesota, unless it be admitted that the right of contract itself can be annulled. On the other hand, Governor Van Sant contends that, though the two railways are never to be consolidated in name, they are already really consolidated in fact, and that this creates within Minnesota an institution which the laws of that State expressly prohibit. Minnesota laws do not permit the consolidation of competing railways; they do not even permit a man to be a director of two or more competing railways.

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Railway Mergers The day of competing roads, however, seems to be over. While, in the past, competition has played its part, it now seems to be an impossibility. It was the first and natural characteristic of the railway world, but five years ago railway combination began to supplant it. Combination has taken on four forms: (1) by lease or purchase, as in the case of the New York Central and the Boston and Albany, of the Union Pacific and the Southern Pacific; (2) through the acquirement of control through some great banking house, such as Messrs. J. P. Morgan & Co.; (3) through community of ownership, the Gould-Harriman roads in the Southwest being a case in point; (4) through a proprietary company, such as the Northern Securities Company, to assure permanent relations where actual consolidation seems impossible. It is natural that the last two of these methods should have been a result of the course of the United States Government, which has not consented to corporate agreements to maintain rates, and has refused to modify the law against pooling. If railways may not longer be managed by free competition, we must now approach the only alternative—Government regulation; and here we hope that our Government's course will be wiser than it has been. At all events, it will be forced to some effective regulation; for the various forms of railway combination lead towards the concentration of power in the hands of a few men or of one man, and despotism is the result, even if it be benevolent despotism. That it is not always so may be illustrated by a dispatch from St. Paul last week: "Mr. Hill has at times given the people along his road an idea of what he would do if in absolute control of both lines, by wiping off from the map of the Great Northern road towns that did not suit his purpose. He ordered his trains not to stop at these places, and, without transportation facilities, they ceased to be." Whether this report be true or not we do not know, but the mere fact that it can be printed indicates what railway power may become without Government control. Conversely, in some States the fact that such a course could not be taken without the Railway Commission's consent illustrates the efficacy of Governmental control. The course of the United States Government is now to say to all railway promoters, "You may combine, but you must do what we tell you to do."

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Gold Exports Last week considerable interest was manifested in the fact that more gold was exported by one steamer than had ever before gone out in a single order. Our present gold exports are anomalous both in movement and volume. For the week they amounted to nearly eight million dollars, which was more than made up by the gain from the interior, and by new gold and bond purchases. The renewal of Secretary Gage's bond-purchase offer, criticised at the time as unnecessary, proves again the Secretary's foresight. Many millions of idle money in the Treasury vaults have thus been released for public use. Mere loss of gold to Europe is, of course, of no importance; every one knows that gold would not leave our shores if we could not spare it. The main reason why we are sending gold abroad is to pay for the large amounts of American railway and industrial securities which have recently been sold back to us. In London the Boer war loan, and the certainty of another, have caused many to sell their other holdings; and in Paris the recent French and Russian loans floated there, together with the prospect of others, have caused similar action. In Germany the increasing industrial distress can be met only by borrowing money. Nor have

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Americans been exempt from considerable stock-selling in order to exchange their holdings in home speculative securities for the apparently safer Government bonds floated in the New York market by England, Germany, Russia, Sweden, and Mexico. A special reason for the present withdrawal of gold, however, is found in the fact that payments must now be made for Northern Pacific Railway stock accumulated in London and Berlin last May, when the contest of control for that road became acute. If the recent withdrawals of gold had happened five years ago, they would have occasioned disturbance in the money market; they have not now done so because through recent legislation our Treasury gold is no longer small in proportion to the paper money in circulation. In any case American wealth is not now measured by the amount of money on hand, but by its main potential activity—namely, the credit of the country's commerce.

❀

The Capture of Colon The occupation of the city of Colon on the Panama Isthmus by the insurgent forces who represent the Liberal or anti-clerical party of Colombia was an important event, not because of the petty fighting involved nor because of any importance attaching to the little town of Colon (the population is not far from 2,000), but because for the first time the desultory series of skirmishes between the two contending elements in Colombia touched the line of international traffic. The United States by treaty has the right of protecting the railway from Colon (formerly called Aspinwall) to Panama, and in the exercise of this right marines were at once landed from the United States gunboat Machias. Happily, the insurgents and the Government forces alike abstained from attacking the railway, and so far our marines have not been obliged to use force. The bodies of troops on both sides near Colon were small, and a band of insurgents numbering less than two hundred took advantage of the absence of a large part of the Government forces, who had been sent to Chorrera, where more serious fighting has been going on. On Saturday last a Government gunboat, the General Pinzon, arrived in Colon harbor, and its commander gave formal notice that he proposed to bombard the place. The consuls of foreign nations directed their fellow-citizens to take refuge on the war-ships. Great excitement ensued, and it was thought that the United States might interfere through Lieutenant-Commander McCrea, of the Machias, on the ground that the threatened bombardment would necessarily drive the railway employees away. Trouble also was feared at the city of Panama, on the Pacific side of the Isthmus. Here, it is reported, breastworks have been erected in the streets, and the authorities have made preparations to repel any Liberal attack. The United States battle-ship Iowa is in the harbor, but has not yet found it necessary to land marines. The latest report, received by our State Department on Monday of this week from the United States Consul at Panama, says that the Colombian Government forces have defeated the revolutionists, that the railroad is now unobstructed, and that the marines from the Machias have gone inland and now occupy a middle point on the line of the railroad across the Isthmus.

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Bible Translation and Rioting Evidences of the Slav propaganda seeking to assimilate and Russianize Bohemia, Bulgaria, and other lands have of late become strikingly evident. None of them, however, has been so dramatic as the riot last week at Athens. According to the "orthodox" or "pure" Greeks, this event has as an ultimate cause the secret machinations of Russia, through Queen Olga of Greece (a Russian) against Greek national ideas, and in her influence upon the royal family, upon the present Government under M. Theotokis as Premier, and upon the Government organs, the "Akropolis" and "Asty." Whether this be true or not, some time ago these papers proposed that, for the greater benefit of the common people, the Bible be translated into Greek as now spoken, and that such version be authorized by the Metropolitan, Prokopius Aekonimidis, for general use. The suggestion met with opposition from those who pride themselves on direct descent from the ancient Greeks, who have a consequent pride in the tongue of Pindar and Plato, and who would regard the translation as evidencing Greek disintegration, secretly

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stimulated by Russia. These "pure" Greeks attacked the proposers of the translation into the vernacular, calling them hybrid Slavs, Turks, and Italians. The upholders of the translation replied that the "pure" Greeks are unworthy aristocrats who would withhold the Word of Life from the common people because the latter do not have enough knowledge of a dead language. The answer of the aristocrats was made by the students of the University of Athens. These, nurtured in classic Greek, were naturally zealous in its defense, and, wherever possible, have even tried to reintroduce Attic forms into modern use. Their greatest aid has been the Bible as it has been read in church and elsewhere. The students made noisy and hostile demonstrations against the newspapers.

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Bloodshed at Athens Finally, on Wednesday of last week, the demonstrations culminated in a mass-meeting at the ruins of the Temple of Jupiter. Twenty thousand persons were present, and a resolution was passed calling upon the Holy Synod to excommunicate any one who translated the Gospels into modern Greek. The Government had now become alarmed at the continual disorder, and had landed eight hundred marines to co-operate with the police and troops in patrolling the locality. This angered the students. The meeting resolved itself into a riot, in which seven persons were killed and thirty wounded. Rioting also occurred before the Premier's residence. He had a narrow escape from the bullets, but displayed great coolness, forbidding any firing on his assailants. Despite King George's efforts to induce him to remain in office, M. Theotokis insisted on resigning, declaring that the responsibility of a judicial inquiry should be left to a new Cabinet, in order that the truth might be established beyond suspicion of outside and undue influences. Thereupon the King summoned M. Zaimis, a former Premier, who has completed a new Cabinet. Meanwhile the students had gained possession of the University buildings, and occupied them as a fortress. The rector and thirty professors have vainly endeavored to persuade them to leave. The students decline to do so unless they receive guarantees that the University will not be occupied by troops, and that legal proceedings will not be taken against the rioters. The whole affair smacks somewhat of those Dark Ages when conflicts occurred between Greek theological parties, not over the translation of an entire book from one form to another of the same language, as in this case, but even over the insertion or omission of a single letter.

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Episcopal Elections Last week there were elections for the office of Bishop in the Protestant Episcopal Diocese of Long Island and in the new Diocese of Western Massachusetts. In the first the Rev. Dr. Frederick Burgess, rector of Grace Church, Brooklyn, was elected Bishop, and has since accepted that position. It is understood that Dr. Burgess's election was due to a deadlock between opposing forces; at all events, the result was a surprise both to himself and to others. The general sentiment, however, is that the Convention has made an excellent choice. Though conservative in his views, it is believed that Dr. Burgess is in no sense an extremist. The Bishop-elect is forty-eight years old. He was born at Providence, R. I., and was graduated from Brown University and the General Theological Seminary. His charges as rector have been at Mendham, N. J., Amherst, Mass., Pomfret, Conn., Bala, Pa., Detroit, Mich., and Brooklyn, N. Y. At the last-named place he succeeded the Rev. Dr. Brewster, now Bishop of Connecticut. —At the Convention of the Western Massachusetts Diocese, the Rev. Dr. David H. Greer, rector of St. Bartholomew's Church, New York City, was elected Bishop. There was no other nomination and no dissenting vote—an unprecedented circumstance in the history of the Church, and one full of deserved compliment to Dr. Greer. His reputation as an organizer, preacher, and as a Broad Churchman would be of signal advantage to the new diocese, which, of course, will perpetuate the school of churchmanship represented by Bishops Brooks and Lawrence. Dr. Greer's great administrative abilities, however, have been of such

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advantage not only to his own parishioners—who spend ten times as much on outsiders as they do on themselves—but to New York City as a whole, that determined opposition will be brought to bear upon this third demand during the past eight years for Dr. Greer as Bishop. Dr. Greer is fifty-seven years old. He was born at Wheeling, W. Va., was educated at Washington College, Washington, Pa., and at the Gambier (O.) Seminary. His pastorates have been at Clarksburg, W. Va., Covington, Ky., Providence, R. I., and in New York City.

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Bishop Brent Last week the Rev. Charles H. Brent, of St. Stephen's Church, Boston, announced his decision to accept the missionary bishopric to which he had been nominated by the recent Episcopal General Convention. Mr. Brent is the son of Canon Brent, of St. James's Cathedral, Toronto, and is a graduate of Trinity College there. His first clerical labor was at St. Paul's Pro-Cathedral, Buffalo; thence he went to Boston and worked with Dr. Hall, now Bishop of Vermont. For several years Mr. Brent has been in charge of St. Stephen's Church. In announcing his decision the future Bishop of the Philippines declared that he was going as one jealous of American citizenship; that he wishes to keep the civil service pure, to establish general education, and to give earnest support to the free institutions of government. Touching the Roman Catholic Church, he said: "It has been argued by some members of our Church that, because the Roman Catholic Church is established in that country, we have no business there. I am going to the Philippines not as the enemy of the Roman Catholic Church, but as the enemy of her enemies—lust, extortion, dishonor, and oppression. For centuries she has fought these foes, and, judging from the reports of the Philippines Commission, she has failed dismally. It may have been more the fault of the Spanish Government, the Government of shame and corruption, than the fault of the Church, but it was the duty of the Church to leaven the Government rather than to be corrupted by it." Mr. Brent further points out a fact not generally appreciated, that from four thousand to six thousand Americans and English are now in North Luzon. American enterprise has already taken a firm grasp of the islands' commerce; it is sure to draw a large number of American citizens thither. Finally, "there are millions there in the darkness of death, who know nothing of Christianity." Mr. Brent's opportunity is one of great significance, religiously, socially, and politically. We believe that he is going to Manila with a due sense of the dignity and importance of his exalted office.

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Recent Church Federation Work in New York The canvass carried on during the summer and autumn by the Federation of Churches and Christian Organizations in New York City has developed some interesting facts. The territory covered, the home of more than a hundred thousand people, situate between Sixty-fifth and Eighty-fourth Streets, Lexington Avenue and the East River, is politically designated as the Twenty-sixth and Twenty-eighth Assembly Districts. It appears, first, that the Roman Catholic population is nearly forty-six per cent. of the whole, the remainder being divided between Protestants and Hebrews nearly in the ratio of three to two. In an equal territory next south on the East Side, the Twenty-second and Twenty-fourth Assembly Districts, a preceding canvass found the Roman Catholics considerably more than half of the whole, with Protestants and Hebrews in the ratio of three to one. The figures of church attendance are somewhat remarkable. In the districts last mentioned ninety per cent. of the Roman Catholic population and but forty per cent. of the Hebrews were found connected with church or synagogue. In the northern districts first mentioned these percentages were reduced, for the Hebrews especially. These, though relatively twice as numerous as in the southern districts, show only thirty-four per cent. in synagogue connection. This is perhaps explicable by the Bohemian strain in the population. The Bohemian is the prominent nationality in the Twenty-sixth district, where nearly seventy-two per cent. of the people are of foreign birth. The Protestant houses of worship

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in these two districts slightly outnumber the others. Rather an interesting correction of a current idea is made by the showing that several Protestant denominations surpass the Roman Catholics in fidelity to church connections. In this point the Reformed, though not numerous, stands first, reporting ninety-one per cent. of its population as having a church home. The Episcopalians report over eighty-five per cent., the Methodists nearly the same and the Roman Catholics a trifle less, the Presbyterians eighty-four, the Baptists seventy-three, the Lutherans fifty-eight, and the Hebrews thirty-four. The Federation, however, does not content itself with this religious census. It has not only referred all the unchurched ones to their proper denominational connections, but has also distributed the names of nearly five hundred families of unclassified Protestants to the care of various churches.

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The Family and the Home The family, the unit of society, and the home, the abiding-place of the family, were the subjects with which the New York State Conference of Charities and Correction began and ended its sessions. The various subjects which lay between were all germane to these two vital topics. Given good families and good homes and the discussions on truant children, delinquents, prisons and prisoners, would dwindle to insignificance. The findings of the Tenement Commission with reference to conditions in New York are familiar, but few people appreciate the extent to which the smaller cities are following in the same disastrous direction. Places like Rochester, Syracuse, Troy, should be aroused to their danger, for it is far easier to check this retrograde movement than to reform the evil after it once exists. Mr. De Forest in his opening address said: "There is quite as much inherent neatness on the East Side as on the West Side, and quite as much virtue in proportion to temptation in the tenements as behind the brownstone fronts." One may go into dirty streets and into the rear yards on those streets, stumble up four flights of stairs in Stygian darkness and open the door into a room with clean white curtains tied with a pink ribbon, clean white scalloped paper on the dresser shelves, a well-scrubbed floor, and a geranium in the sunless window, the whole charming simply from the grace of neatness. Reasonable laws should secure for the poor better opportunities for home life. To quote Mr. De Forest again: "It is justice, not charity, to give them the opportunity of living in houses in which healthful conditions are possible." In the valuable discussion as to the best way to help needy families there was a diversity of opinion as to the comparative value of different methods—those of the church and those of the charity organization society. Some held that the churches ought to do the charitable work of the world; others believed that there should be a judicious union of secular and religious efforts. Here as elsewhere the golden mean seems to be the way of safety. In Buffalo the city is districted among the churches, which look after the needy in that geographical district, without regard to sectarian differences, co-operating with the Charity Organization Society in plans for relief and betterment.

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Archbishop Corrigan's Address No address at this Conference appears to us more significant than that of Archbishop Corrigan, since it not only shows a cordial welcome by this distinguished prelate of co-operation in philanthropic work with men of widely different religious creeds, but also indicates very clearly the basis for such co-operation. "Distinct as may be our individual views and preferences," he says, "we all unite in one common desire to help suffering humanity. Even in the means pursued to accomplish this common end, there is really more harmony than at first sight may appear on the surface. The aim of good citizenship regards directly the prosperity of the present life; religion aims essentially at the life to come, but yet in such a way that the preparation for future happiness includes also good citizenship, respect for law and order, and the rights of others here below." This seems to us admirably to indicate the points where philanthropic co-operation must end and religious differentiation must begin. In efforts for good citizenship and present prosperity we can all unite; in the conduct

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of public worship and in preparation for the life to come we must necessarily work according to our different creeds and our different methods. Archbishop Corrigan used a very felicitous figure to illustrate the advantage of the co-operation of men of different temperaments and different ecclesiastical relationships in common philanthropic effort:

> Moreover, our coming together not only dissipates possible prejudices or misunderstandings, but the contact of mind with mind spreads enlightenment, gives new ideas, and stimulates action. Our great poet says, "Home-staying youth has ever homely wit;" and the vast advantage of travel in broadening the mind, refining the taste, and increasing experiences may be derived in a proportionate degree from mutual conferences on methods and expedients. In our agricultural colleges it is usual to give as an object-lesson the cultivation of the soil by different processes. As you know, two pieces of ground are selected, side by side, with precisely the same exposure, the same natural advantages. One is treated by the old-fashioned method; the other scientifically, with the aid of phosphates and fertilizers aiding nature. The results show in the crops an enormous difference.

The spirit which recognizes the *value* of different methods is at once far more catholic and far more rational than that which merely *tolerates* different methods because differences cannot be avoided.

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Vigorous Church Work

The new era of church work is developing many suggestive types of vigorous, well-ordered, evangelical church life. The Bethany Presbyterian Church of Philadelphia is a case in point. The organization of this church has been largely perfected under the advice of the senior elder, Mr. John Wanamaker, its founder, and several of its buildings are his free gifts to the work. The church, with its four pastors in charge and various salaried assistants, requires an annual outlay of $20,000 to cover its running expenses. The work, it is pleasant to note, has not been hampered by lack of money and all that a financial deficit implies. The organization has been adapted to suit all classes. It includes all the well-known forms of Christian Endeavor, home and foreign missionary and mite societies, boys' and girls' clubs—all on a large and growing scale. It is indicative of its numbers that the Sabbath-school had an average attendance of 2,550 last year. The ushers are formed in an association, and so are the doormen. The church has reached out in many practical directions to aid community life in educational, economic, recreative, and evangelistic lines. Relief in winter and summer is extended through the Bethany Deaconess Home for women and children, the Men's Friendly Inn, and the Brotherhood House for men. The last is a unique social club-house just established in a poor quarter. The educational work centers in Bethany College, an institute for artistic, musical, business, domestic, and industrial training. In economic ways the church seeks to help its people. The First Penny Savings Bank is a stimulus to thrift, and the Yearly Beneficial Society is a co-operative society for men, with both sick and death benefits. This is evidently an expanding and radiating church. A new mission is in course of erection. A Home for the Aged is being planned. A Christian Workers' Training Class has just been started. The new St. Paul's Presbyterian Church, dedicated last March, in the rapidly growing southwestern section of the city, is, it appears, the result of tent meetings held by the workers of Bethany. The simple, dual purpose of Bethany Church, and one which actuates all its plans, is declared to be the saving of the lost and the helping of the saved. A conservative estimate is that ten thousand lives are touched helpfully by its agencies each week.

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The Volunteers of America

The Volunteers of America held their annual meeting in Carnegie Hall in this city, November 12. The attendance was large. General Ballington Booth and his wife, Maud Booth, or "The Little Mother," as she is affectionately termed by the prisoners, were the chief speakers of the evening. The progress made by the "Volunteers" during the past five years was reported to be most gratifying to all interested in the movement. The organization is divided into several branches—among them the "Tenement Branch," "The Homes of Mercy" for women, "The Volunteer Prisoners' League," and the "Hope Halls" for released convicts. Mrs. Maud Booth has the last two in charge, and she gives them her personal supervision. She is in touch

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with twenty thousand prisoners in various States' prisons, and up to the present time two thousand have passed through the "Hope Halls," and of this number seventy-five per cent. are known to be doing well and keeping to their vows of reform. This is most encouraging, for it was prophesied, when Mrs. Booth first established this branch of the work, that it was a hopeless task and that these convicts could never be relied upon to fill responsible positions. At first Mrs. Booth experienced great difficulty in finding business men who were willing to employ these ex-prisoners; she can now scarcely fill the demands made upon her for employees. There are two "Hope Halls"—one in Chicago and another at Flushing, N. Y., and they are both in a flourishing condition. Here the men stay after leaving prison for a probationary period of some months, when positions are found for them. General Booth is directly in charge of the house-to-house canvass of the "Tenement Branch," who work in the city's slums, and he reports many pitiful cases discovered and relieved during the past year. Colonel Pattie Lindsay is at the head of these tenement workers, and has a record of numberless families fed, clothed, and housed who would otherwise have been starving in the streets. There is no "red tape" to be gone through with before the poverty-stricken ones can receive aid, no references to be looked into before bread is given to them. Nothing is necessary but for the "tenement workers" to find them in need, and they are immediately helped. The "Homes of Mercy" are intended for any woman who comes to the city alone, friendless, and a stranger. Here she may find shelter—even though she has, perhaps, strayed from the straight path—and no questions are asked. Thousands of men and women have been aided and encouraged by both the outdoor and indoor meetings of the "Volunteers' Field Force." General Booth spoke feelingly of the interest evinced by the numerous friends of the organization, and read congratulatory letters from President Roosevelt, Seth Low, General E. A. McAlpin, and William E. Dodge. At the close of the meeting several thousand dollars were subscribed toward carrying on the work during the coming winter, and thus the sixth year's work of the Volunteers of America was most auspiciously inaugurated.

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A New Idea for Schools An interesting innovation in school work, as described in the Topeka (Kan.) "Journal," one with possibilities of adoption for many other schools, is an experiment in international correspondence. The idea seems to have originated with Principal John Carter, of the Oakland Public School of Topeka. Under his direction the pupils of the seventh and eighth grades wrote a series of letters to the pupils of Sunnyside School, Alloa, Scotland—a manual-training school with an attendance of about seven hundred, Alloa being a town near Edinburgh, with a population of 14,000. About thirty letters were received in reply, and they have been read on Friday afternoons during the fall, to the great enjoyment of those attending Oakland School. The average age of the little Scotch writers is about thirteen, and they describe, in simple, unaffected fashion, the things they think may interest their American correspondents. One small miss, for example, accompanies a description of the famous cantilever bridge over the Firth of Forth with a "pen sketch made from memory," adding this bit of clever description: "In plain words, a 'cantilever' is simply a bracket, and a very familiar illustration is seen in the metal brackets used for supporting the parcels racks in railway carriages." Another little girl has an unconscious vein of humor, as when she writes: "Alloa is not so large as Topeka to hold so many grand places. The Parliament sits at London, and there is a reform school at Dundee." The boys write on subjects of naturally greater interest to them, as, for example, the method of the Alloa school by which lads can attend every other day, working on the alternate days; or the Boys' Brigade, which seems to extend pretty generally over Scotland, and which, "if any enemy was to rise, would be ready to help the soldiers defend our country if needed." A number of the letters express surprise that Topeka can boast so many churches—a curious comment to come from so religious a country as Scotland. Of course, to make this international exchange of

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school-children's letters profitable and not merely novel, the foreign school must be selected with care, as was done in this case. It is worth adding that the next school with which the Oakland School is to correspond will be one in Ireland. The benefit of the experiment is not merely that it interests children in foreign countries and revives "the lost art of letter-writing," but also that it may lead to opportunities of personal contact when the little letter-writers reach the age for foreign travel.

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The McKinley and Victoria Memorials

Last week the Executive Committee of the McKinley National Monument Association issued a statement showing general and hearty response to the appeal to provide funds for a memorial at Canton. In nearly all of the States of the Union auxiliary organizations have been formed; these report an indication from every quarter that the people desire to make the erection of a monument at the home of President McKinley their first duty. In deference to this sentiment—as also shown in the monuments provided for Lincoln and Garfield—the National Association is carrying forward the work of providing for such a memorial; should more funds be subscribed than are necessary for the purpose of erecting a monument compatible with the dignity of the late President's life, any surplus will be devoted to a National memorial at Washington. It is understood that the latter memorial will take the form of an arch. Subscriptions to the Canton monument may be sent either to the treasurers of the State Associations at the various State capitals, or to Mr. Ryerson Ritchie, General Secretary, Cleveland.——Coincidently with this comes the news from Great Britain that the National Committee for the Queen Victoria Memorial has accepted the suggestion of the American Society in London concerning a contribution from the United States to the fund for the memorial. This proposition has been laid before the King, who was much touched by the spirit in which the offer was made on behalf of many who, though not subjects of the Crown, are united to England both by blood and by ties of friendship. Viscount Esher, the Secretary of the National Committee, in accepting the American proposal, adds that the memorial will probably assume a form which will permit of a clear designation, for all time, of the offering made to the Queen's memory by United States citizens. Numerous and large subscriptions have already been made by Americans; those who wish to subscribe may do so through Messrs. J. P. Morgan & Co., P. O. Box 3,036, New York City.

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Educational Work in Palestine

A number of young Roman Catholic priests and seminarians have just sailed from America for Palestine. They come from the Franciscan monastery near Washington, and are the first men sent from America to complete their studies in the Holy Land. For nearly six centuries Franciscans have been in charge of the sacred places in Palestine. The members of this order were long since designated by the Pope for this duty, and the Sultans of Turkey have acquiesced in the arrangement.——Another interesting bit of news about Palestine has appeared in the report of the new American School. During the past year its Director has been Professor Torrey, of Yale. He first visited Constantinople to obtain a firman, or permit, for the establishment of the institution. Although he was actively aided by our diplomatic agents at Constantinople, and was also favored by Osman Hamdy Bey (Director of the Imperial Museum), the Turkish Minister of Public Instruction disclaimed any authority to grant a permit. After such a decision, the firman could be given only by an Imperial *irade*, or decree. As this necessitated a long struggle, it was decided to proceed without it. Professor Torrey thereupon provided quarters and a library for the school at Jerusalem, where students of the American School will also have free access to other libraries.

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Electricity for Heavy Trains

Electricity is proving itself of increasing value to man's comfort. The recent installation and successful working of the Marconi system of wireless telegraphy on ocean steamers will undoubtedly bring about an entire change in sea-signaling. In Germany electric trains have already attained a speed of more than a

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hundred miles an hour. It is now proposed to apply electricity to heavy trains, and a formal proposal to this end has been made by a recognized railway expert, President Hill, of the Great Northern Railway. The other Northwestern transcontinental railway, the Northern Pacific, mines its own coal at a cost of from $1 to $1.25 a ton, while the Great Northern's coal costs $2.75 for the ordinary product, and for trains to and through the Great Northern tunnel in the Cascade Mountains the cost is much greater, since for about thirty miles on the mountain climb of the Cascade Division of the Great Northern each loaded train requires, in addition to the regular engines, the assistance of a helper. The Northern Pacific's advantage may now be annulled, however, if an announcement just made in the "Electrical World" should be realized. This paper informs us that when President Hill first broached his plan, he merely contemplated the operation of trains by this method through the Cascade Tunnel, a distance of about two and one-half miles; but a later plan provides for the application of the improvement to no less than sixty-six miles of mountain-climbing, the water-power for the generation of the electric power to be taken from one or more of the many streams along the line. If the electric motors over this stretch prove to be a success, they will then be operated over a distance of a hundred and fifty miles, and eventually be extended to include the entire mileage of the system.

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The Excise Question

We present on another page a variety of letters on the excise question in our great cities—for the conditions in New York are duplicated, with modifications, in many if not most of our largest cities. It appears to us that Dr. McConnell, with his accustomed directness, sets forth the fundamental issue by his statement that "the State is the unit;" but we do not agree with his statement. The fundamental issue is, What is the unit? In other words, Who is or ought to be responsible for determining the question whether liquor shall be sold in the city of New York at all, and, if so, whether it shall be sold on Sunday? In our judgment, not the people of the State but the people of the city are the ones to bear this responsibility.

In our American system there is no one unit of power. Our system differs in this respect from all foreign political systems. In England, France, Germany, the entire continent of Europe, all political power is historically derived from a central authority and distributed by such authority. In America all political power is derived from the people and distributed by them; and the distribution depends upon the subject matter. Thus, upon the question what a man shall believe and how he shall worship, the individual is the unit. Neither city, State, nor Nation has anything to say on the subject. On the question when war shall be declared against a foreign power the Federal Government is the unit; neither city nor State has any organic responsibility. The fundamental question in this excise matter is, Where does the responsibility belong? Does it belong to the individual? Then every one should be permitted to sell liquor as freely as all are now permitted to sell coffee, and beverages as freely as they are now permitted to sell food. Does it belong to the Nation? Then the Federal Legislature should furnish the necessary regulations for all the States, and, if necessary, the United States Constitution should be amended to give Congress the requisite authority—which is the position of the National Prohibitionists. Does it belong to the State? Then the Legislature at Albany should make regulations for the liquor traffic equally applicable to village, town, and city, to St. Lawrence County and to the Greater New York; or, if the divergencies of conditions are too great to allow one set of regulations for all communities, then it should make specific regulations for each several community.

We believe that the responsibility belongs neither to the Federal Government, to the State, nor to the individual, but to the local community. Upon the excise question the local community is the unit, and to the local community the regulation of the liquor traffic should be relegated, subject only to such general regulations as are equally applicable to all local communities, and as will be respected and maintained by the public opinion of all communities.

The reason for this conviction has been

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implied in the mere statement of the problem. The State is made up of widely different communities. They differ from one another in their race peculiarities, their social habits, their religious faiths, their ethical standards. It is admittedly impossible to maintain the same regulations over all these variant communities. It is impossible because what seems a reasonable regulation to one seems an oppressive restriction to another. One community regards beer as a poison, another as a harmless beverage; one keeps for its rest day the first day of the week, another the seventh day of the week; one holds that the day should be devoted wholly to the offices of religion, another that it is pre-eminently a day for home-gathering and social fraternity. To have one law imposed alike on all these different communities is not less despotic because it is imposed by a majority of the voters in the State than if it were imposed by the will of one or two irresponsible bosses. This may be laid down, we think, as a fundamental principle: Where liberty and justice require different regulations for different localities, each locality should be left to enact, as it will certainly be left to enforce, the regulation.

This is the principle of local option. It has already been adopted, in one form or another, in many of the States of the Union. Where it is not adopted in form by legislative enactment, it is adopted in fact by local enforcement or non-enforcement of the law. Local option is as real in Maine as in Massachusetts, the difference being that it is legal in Massachusetts and illegal in Maine. It has been already adopted in this State for all rural communities. There is no reason why it should not be adopted for municipal communities. The municipal communities possess as high an average of intelligence and morality. They should be left to decide, as the towns are left to decide, whether they will allow any sale of liquor or not; and they should, for the same reason, be allowed to determine whether they will have any Sunday sale. They actually do decide these questions now; they will continue to decide them; and the sooner the Legislature recognizes their right to decide them the sooner an opportunity will be afforded to the friends of law and order in our great cities to raise the standards of peace and of temperance by educative campaigns locally conducted.

We urge the extension of the princip'e of local option to the cities, by wards or election districts, not as a concession to the saloon element, not as a mere convenient expedient to get rid of a perplexing problem: we urge it because the American way, the democratic way, the essentially just and right way to solve the excise problem is to leave the people of each locality free to determine for themselves whether there shall be any sale of liquor or not, and, if any, whether there shall be any Sunday selling. We put our advocacy of local option for the cities on the highest ground of absolute justice; we urge it because equity and expediency both demand that the Legislature put the responsibility where it really belongs—on the people of the several localities.

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Reciprocity

There are some alphabetic propositions respecting international trade relations which every writer on the subject ought to know, but which some newspaper writers appear to us to ignore; they were not even clearly recognized by some of the supposed experts at the Reciprocity Convention held last week in Washington, a report of which appears on another page. It will be well for those of our readers who wish to follow the approaching discussions on this subject to perceive these principles clearly and fasten them firmly in mind.

Trade and commerce are an interchange of the products of industry; speaking broadly, trade is such an interchange between individuals, commerce such an interchange between communities. Money is simply a medium for conducting such an exchange. Money is absolutely valueless except as it can be exchanged for things of value. Gold and silver coin may be melted up into plate, and bank bills might be ground up into pulp for making paper; but this would merely be a way of converting money into things of value. Money will not shelter us, nor clothe us, nor warm us, nor feed us, nor educate us; it is useful only as a means of procuring what will in these or other ways minister to our necessities or our comforts. A man who exchanges the products of his industry

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for money and hides his money in a trunk is a foolish man. The money he gets for this industry is useful only as it is put to use in getting things for himself or for others.

What is true of the individual is true of the nation. A man is not rich because he has a hoard of money, unless some one else has something which he wants and which he can purchase with his money. A nation is not rich which has a hoard of money, unless other nations have something which the nation wants, and which it can purchase with its money. Wealth consists in things which minister to the life of the individual or the community; money is wealth only as it is a means for acquiring such things.

The question which confronts the American people is this: Do we wish to be a commercial people? If so, we wish to exchange the products of our industry with other nations for the products of their industry. Commerce is not the exchange of products of industry for money, except as the money becomes a convenient medium for getting the industrial products of other nations. This for two reasons: First, because money is absolutely valueless except as a means for acquiring things; second, because if we go on indefinitely selling to other nations and buying nothing of them, it will not be long before they will have no more money with which to buy our goods, and their poverty will destroy our commerce. It cannot be too emphatically affirmed that commerce is the interchange of industrial products; that money is absolutely valueless except as a medium for such interchange; and that therefore we cannot be a commercial nation without reciprocity—that is, we cannot sell goods without buying them.

There was a time in our history when it was questioned whether it was desirable for us to be a commercial nation. So eminent a statesman as Thomas Jefferson questioned the advantages of international commerce for America. There was some apparent ground for the question. The South raised cotton, the West raised corn, and the East raised neither. So the East took the cotton and the corn and manufactured and sold the products of its manufacture to the South and the West. Then the East wanted a protective tariff; that is, it wanted an agreement that the South and West would buy only of the East, and, on the other hand, the East would use all the products of the West and South which they did not need for their own consumption. At that epoch in our history the only commerce that was important—so at least it was argued—was inter-State commerce. We were a continent by ourselves; we could take care of ourselves; we were industrially independent of the rest of the world; our inter-State commerce was the only commerce we needed to develop—this was the argument.

But now the West and the South have become themselves manufacturing communities. We cannot consume the products of our own industry. The interchange between different parts of our country does not satisfy our industrial ambition. We want to become a commercial nation, or at least we think so. But if we do become a commercial nation, we must take as well as give; we must receive the industrial products of other communities as well as sell to them our industrial products. For this is commerce. We cannot prohibit the importation of foreign goods and at the same time continue to export American goods. We cannot discourage the importation of foreign goods and encourage the exportation of domestic goods. For one depends upon the other. The shoemaker cannot buy meat of the butcher if the butcher does not buy shoes of the shoemaker. America cannot sell goods to Germany and France if Germany and France do not sell goods to America. Promotion of commerce and prohibition of imports cannot be maintained at the same time; for commerce is the exchange of exports for imports.

This is the general principle; any attempt to escape the operation of this principle is economic folly as well as National immorality. How we can best modify our tariff so as both to open our markets to the world and open the world's markets to us is a question of ways and means on which wise men will differ; but that we must open our markets to the world if we wish to open the world's markets to ourselves is certain, because commerce is the exchange of products and we cannot sell unless we buy. Several

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methods are proposed; among them the following:

1. Reciprocity treaties; by which we enter into specific agreements with different nations to sell what we produce and they need, and buy what they produce and we need.

2. Abolition of duties on all articles which we are already exporting to other countries, that they may sell freely to us what we are selling freely to them.

3. Abolition of duties on raw materials, in order to reduce the cost of manufactured articles to our own people.

4. Abolition of duties on articles of common necessity, such as sugar and fish.

5. A general reduction of the tariff in successive reductions of five or ten per cent. every year or two years.

6. A combination of all the above methods, looking toward eventual free trade and dependence on direct taxation for raising the necessary revenues.

There are possible objections to any one of the above plans, or to any other. He must be dull indeed who cannot discover or invent an objection to any change in law and custom. But the objector ought to prepare himself to furnish a definite answer to these two questions: First, does he wish to see the American Nation a commercial nation? Second, if so, what plan has he to propose for the promotion of that interchange of industrial products with other nations which is the essence of commerce?

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Two Southern Views

The "Times," of Richmond, Va., contained in October two articles on the race problem in the South which represent very clearly the two contrasted views held on this subject by influential Southern men. The first article was by Professor R. H. Dabney, of the University of Virginia. The gist of his article might be summed up in a sentence, thus: the education of the negro is to be discouraged because, in so far as it succeeds, it will fit him to become an industrial competitor with the white man, and thus industrial competition will be added to race antagonism, increasing the separation of the races from each other and their hostility to each other. In other words, the prime reason for not educating the negro is that he is capable of receiving an education which will make him a rival of the white race. Fortunately, Professor Dabney has summed up his conclusion in three paragraphs, and that our readers may see that we do not misrepresent him we transfer these paragraphs in full to our columns:

1. Race prejudice is a feeling as old and as wide as the world; is particularly strong between Anglo-Saxons and Africans because of profound physical differences; and will almost certainly prevent future race-amalgamation through intermarriage.

2. Race prejudice, as history abundantly shows, is inevitably intensified into deadly race hatred if different races are brought into economic, social, and political rivalry with each other, or if one of the races becomes, by its crimes or its incompetence, a serious stumbling-block in the path of the other.

These are the premises. And what are the logical conclusions? Evidently these: All lawful measures should be taken to remove any removable cause of economic, social, or political competition between the races. The bulk of the negroes should be disfranchised by means of property, poll-tax, and educational qualifications; and for two reasons the whites should cease to support free schools for the blacks—the first being that these schools enable the negroes to meet the proposed educational qualification for suffrage, and the second that the schools tend to make some negroes idle and vicious, and others able to compete with the whites in occupations which the latter have determined to keep for themselves.

Professor C. E. Vawter has written a reply to Professor Dabney. Professor Vawter was an Adjutant of Stonewall Jackson in the Civil War. He is a thorough Southerner by education, training, and lifelong residence. He represents the Southern sentiment. He has no illusions respecting the negro race, and no doctrinaire belief that the negro is to be treated as though he possessed all the qualifications which it is possible he may acquire by education. He is also an experienced educator. He is Superintendent of the Miller Manual Labor School at Crozet, Va., a school organized and maintained for the education of poor whites. It is one of the best organized, equipped, and administered industrial schools which the writer of this article has ever seen, and he has visited a considerable number of such schools both in the United States and in England.

Professor Vawter holds that "the

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negro came into possession of the ballot by the greatest fraud upon the Constitution that has ever been perpetrated in the history of our Nation;" that this fraud has "brought only sorrow and harm to the negro; it has retarded his progress; it has perverted his life; it has alienated his friends, strengthened his enemies, corrupted his morals, and given him hopes only to be dashed to the ground." But for this the negro is not responsible. The ballot was thrust upon him. He is not to blame for not knowing how to use it, but the white man is to blame for some of the methods which have been used to counteract the negro vote. "I do not know," he says, "what is to become of the negro with the ballot in his hand, but I do know what is to become of the white man if he is to continue his ascendency by the methods which have been used in our elections." The ballot law ought to be changed, but the change should be dictated by justice, not by prejudice. The ballot law ought to be one "that is clearly understood by all, that is self-executing, that bears equally and fairly upon all, and that does not contain any clause that will admit of juggling, or that will allow local political leaders to construe it one way for the white man and another way for the black man." "Voting is not a right, it is a privilege." "But . . . every citizen has an inherent and equal right to all the advantages offered by the State whereby he can attain unto this privilege." Professor Vawter believes that the Anglo-Saxon race is the superior race; but if it can maintain its superiority "only by depriving an inferior race of the benefits of the schools and of the privilege of fitting themselves for better citizenship and for the better and more intelligently and efficiently doing what they have to do, then the line that marks its downfall is already being traced in our near future." In his judgment, the remedy for race antagonism is not keeping the negro in ignorance; it is in intelligent and profitable labor. The crimes of which the negro is guilty are partly the result of his idleness, partly the result of his misguided education; but "the remedy will not be found in abolishing the schools, but in making them what they should be. . . . No State can long continue to educate and elevate one part of her citizens, and to leave at the bottom a great mass of ignorance, untrained, untaught, uncontrolled. They will fill our jails and penitentiaries, and will cost in the end far more than all their schools will ever do." Because the white race is at the top, it should set itself to elevate those who are below. Granted that injury has been done by misdirected education in some cases, by education so directed as to widen the breach between the races in other cases, nevertheless education has not been a failure. "It is only necessary to give unbiased, unprejudiced study to see that the result, on the whole, is good." It was a mistake to give the ballot first and endeavor to give education afterwards. Education should have been given first, and the South should have looked after and guided the work of education, should have kept out of the schools incompetent teachers, should have prevented men from teaching the negro to hate the white race, and giving him false notions on the subject of social equality. It must take up this work now. "For a long time at least we need our best Southern white teachers for this work. They understand the negro best and love him most. We need teachers who have love for this work, teachers imbued with the spirit of the Great Teacher of Galilee—love for the lowly."

Nor does Mr. Vawter think that the education of the negro will create industrial war between the white and black races. His experience leads him to a different conclusion. "I have employed for years a great many skilled and common laborers, both white and black. I have never seen any exhibition of this spirit [of antagonism]. I admit that it exists, but it exists far more in the North than in the South. In the South the negro is given in the field of labor a far better show than in the North." He believes that the South is ready to give equal industrial opportunities to honest and skilled laborers of both races. The way to maintain and promote friendly relations between the two races is to teach them to live and labor in relations of mutual respect. Indeed, there is in his mind no question whether the negro shall be educated or not; the only question is whether he shall be educated with the

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cordial aid and co-operation of the Southern whites or in spite of their apathy or their opposition. "The serpent has already beguiled the negro, and he has eaten of the fruit of the tree of knowledge, and has found out that he is naked, and he is going to sew together fig-leaves and clothe himself. . . . It will take an angel with a flaming sword to guard him from the fruit of the trees of the garden. As we have neither the sword nor the angel, we had better let him eat and live."

We here undertake only to report these two papers representing the two Southern views. Our readers do not need to be told with which view The Outlook sympathizes. It is the right of every human being to receive the fullest development of which he is capable, whatever may be the result to others of such development. His right to become a man is an absolute right. It would be quite as legitimate to justify paralyzing his arms or putting out his eyes, lest he should imperil the industrial prosperity of his competitors, as to justify paralyzing or blinding his mind for the same reason. No industrial or social considerations can justify dwarfing a growing soul. We wish that the new Southern Educational Commission could see its way clear to print these two papers in pamphlet form and circulate them widely throughout the South. Professor Dabney's would show Southern people what is the conclusion to which a logical mind is inevitably brought if it adheres to the old slave premise that the negro must be kept a menial. Professor Vawter's paper would show what is the inevitable result of the premise of freedom, that every man is to have a fair opportunity to make what he can of himself and find his own place in the world. Professor Dabney's paper, in its assumption that the white race are afraid to enter into industrial competition with the negro, does the Anglo-Saxons a great injustice. Professor Vawter's paper, in the courageous spirit with which he welcomes freedom, but insists that capacity shall be proved before the responsibilities which capacity entails are thrust upon the individual, is based upon a fundamental principle of justice and equity. Professor Dabney's paper represents a new phase of the old slave spirit; Professor Vawter represents the spirit of the New South. Whoever studies without prejudice Southern conditions to-day cannot doubt that the new spirit is more and more pervading the South; it is certain at no distant date to dominate the South absolutely.

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The Spectator

The Spectator has been spending a little time lately at one of the Virginia Springs. To name the particular one is unnecessary, for there are any number of them in the Virginia mountains, and all more or less alike. There are the Red, White, Blue, Salt, and Cold Sulphur Springs, the Hot and Warm Springs, the Old Sweet, the Healing, the Rockbridge Alum Springs, the—but why pursue the flowing theme further, since there is no end to it? No practiced sojourner among the Springs ever calls them by their full names, as the Spectator soon found. "Have you been at the Healing this season?" "I've just come from the Old Sweet;" "They're at the White this year," and so on, were familiar remarks among the guests at the rambling Southern hotel, with its pillared porch and its rows of cottages scattered about the springs which had made it a popular resort for over a hundred years. Washington and Jefferson had been among its guests, and the ancient register, still preserved in the office, enshrined their board bills to everlasting remembrance. None of the colored waiters was quite venerable enough to have been Washington's body-servant, but they were types nevertheless—trained and old-fashioned domestics, with all the deference, the willing interest, the quick good manners, of the old negro family servants, used to waiting on "quality," and proud of their own deftness and skill in doing so. Where the proprietor found such delightful survivals the Spectator cannot imagine; they certainly were one of the attractions of the house.

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Another attraction appeared to be the mint juleps. The waiters began sallying forth before breakfast, across the grass, to the various cottages, bearing trays of tall glasses, flowering out at the top into such green and spreading bouquets of mint that they reminded one of Birnam

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Wood going to Dunsinane. There were more juleps at high noon, and still again after supper. Virginia was not settled by the Puritan, but by the Cavalier, and her ways are not the ways of New England. One famous New York lawyer (now dead), a Southerner by birth, came every year to the Virginia Springs simply for the mint juleps—so he once told a friend of the Spectator—and he certainly came to the fountain-head. The other side of the question is shown by the fact that after a season of mint juleps at one spring, it is frequently necessary to go to another spring later for a thorough course of the waters. It is a trifle difficult, however, to get away from the mint julep even in seeking the waters; for the Spectator can vouch for the fact that a table is sometimes floated in the middle of the bathing-pool, with a supply of mint juleps on it ready to hand for the bathers.

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One of the quaintest features of the place, to the Spectator's mind, was the county court. The court-house, jail, and post-office all lay together on a green slope just opposite the gate of the hotel grounds, and once a month the judge came to hold court there. At such times all the white men in the county, apparently, came riding in on rough mountain horses or slender thoroughbreds, and hitched their steeds to the fences. The negroes came on mules or on foot. A man and boy, bareback, on one mule, was not an uncommon sight. The only two lawyers in the place had one-story wooden offices on either side the court-house green, and were there ready to take whatever cases came to hand. The sheriff sold a mountain farm, before court commenced, for a surprisingly low sum, it seemed to the Spectator; but it was explained that "mountains are cheap—it's the cleared land that counts." Witnesses, lawyers, plaintiffs, defendants, sheriff, and lookers-on all lounged together on the green hour after hour, court opening anywhere from half an hour to an hour after the appointed time, and everything else partaking of the leisurely character of the occasion. The ladies from the hotel came over and brought their fancy-work, occupying one end of the judge's platform, and being treated with expansive Southern courtesy. Even the prisoner—there was only one in the old brick jail, with its massive wrought-iron doors with their triple padlocks—seemed to enjoy things, and sat outside the jail on the grass while the jailer's family utilized his cell for domestic purposes.

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The Spectator attended one trial, which indeed was attended by many other guests from the hotel, since it came home to their own business and bosoms, so to speak. One of the neighbors had owned a pair of "break-fence" oxen, and, the fence of the hotel not being in better condition than most Southern fences, these oxen had, so it was charged, broken in one night and eaten all 'the "roastin' ears" in the corn-field, whereby the hotel table had to be supplied with canned corn in place of the fresh variety. The proprietor asked for $35 and costs, and had the full sympathy of every guest who ate corn. The defendant, a dirty, unkempt, sparse-bearded, tangle-haired man, who wore blue goggles and looked like a descendant of the lost tribes, strove to prove, first, that the fence was not "breshed up" properly; second, that the oxen never were in the corn; and, third, that they only ate two dollars' worth of it in all. There was no jury, the lawyers agreeing to leave the decision entirely to the judge.

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The character of the yoke of "breachy" oxen (they were dark-dun color to begin with) deepened to black as the plaintiff's witnesses testified. The stories told of those two agile creatures were astounding, and justified their owner's boast (incautiously made to a neighbor once, and coming out in the testimony) "that them oxen could break any fence in the county." One young man, rejoicing in the name of Gay, swore that he had seen them jump the hotel fence "as slick as a dog." The intimacy between witnesses and lawyers was great. "Now, Gay," the plaintiff's lawyer would remark, "you know that farm of mine, where the fence jines Henry's—now, isn't the corn-field fence like that?" Strange facts developed concerning the keeping of cattle in that section—how it was the common practice for all men to turn their stock loose on the "boulevah'," as the highroad

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was soundingly called, and how some hotel proprietors had to keep cattle-guards as a regular thing to protect their fields. It was proved that the owner of the oxen had fifteen head of stock, and, having sold his farm some time before, was keeping them entirely upon the "boulevah'." But the main contention was, in the end, how many "roastin' ears" an ox could eat in one night; and the earnestly expressed views of the witnesses all differed greatly. Three-quarters of an acre of corn which was "jus' tasselin'" had been destroyed, the plaintiff claimed. One witness, who had kept cattle long, asserted that two dollars' worth of corn (at ten cents a dozen) would "bust any ox he ever knew," while a county official said that he had possessed an ox that ate five acres of corn at a sitting, and was still vigorous. The testimony was so conflicting, indeed, that at one point one of the ladies on the platform forgot herself and exclaimed aloud, whereat the whole court smiled, and the sheriff laughed and forgot to rap for order.

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All the white witnesses in the case were sworn first by the sheriff, the Spectator noticed. "Come and be sworn, gentlemen," was the formula, shouted from the steps of the court-house to the crowd on the green after the list of the witnesses' names had been duly called out. Some of the witnesses, lounging about the post-office, refused to come in, and the judge had to issue a warrant for one especially contumacious one; but they were all corralled at last, and formed a ring about the ancient Bible. The oath was sing-songed by the sheriff, and one after another kissed the book and stepped back and down. Then, after an interval, the negro witnesses were sworn, but with less ceremony. One old colored man was especially hesitating in his testimony. To the question when he had seen the oxen going up the "boulevah'," he replied, "Well, hit mout hev been a Monday, and then hit mout hev been a Tuesday, sah, 'long 'bout five o'clock in de ebenin', er p'r'aps six o'clock, sah, er later." Pressed further, he testified that they might have been near the corn-patch, or half a mile away; and finally he shook his kinky gray head doubtfully and remarked, "Ef I'd 'a' knowed all dis wuz a-comin', sah, I would er took more notice; yes, sah, I shuahly would," at which the old negro preacher who was standing at one side of the court-room, with shiny frock-coat, baggy umbrella, watch-chain and spectacles, gravely shook his head also in sympathy with his bewildered parishioner.

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In the end the hotel proprietor got eighteen dollars and costs, and court adjourned for the day, after a road commissioner had been sworn in, part of whose oath was not to fight duels in or out of the State. The reason for this seemed clearer later, when the whole county went over to the hotel for mint juleps, and the combative element proved so strong that there was one hand-to-hand fight before the evening was over—at least so the Spectator heard. County court brings these evils in its train, he was told, and when the session lasts over a week the drinking and quarreling of the mountaineers is a most unpleasant feature. The julep is not all a joy, even in the land of the Cavalier.

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Before the Spectator left the Springs he attended a costume dance—a thing for which this special resort is famed. The affair was classic, and the Roman robes—one of the Latin matrons wore a most superb black and gold one—the temple of the Vestal Virgins, the wreathed columns and the laurel crowns, etc., were very fine indeed. The waiters, dressed as Nubian slaves, came and went with trays of refreshments on their heads, and one of them gave the Spectator afterwards the benefit of his observations. "It suttinly wuz fine, sah. Dat ar lady in de black and gol' wuz de *fo*'-mos' one, and nex' to her come de Vestibule Virgins!" This was the same waiter who, receiving an order for beefsteak, brought a tempting slice of ham also, and, putting the dish down on the table, remarked suavely: "I jes' bring dis ham, sah, *in parenthesis*!" Truly, the man who has not visited the Virginia Springs has missed being served by a Virginia Springs waiter, and his memories will be the poorer for it all his life long.

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The Negro: A Business Proposition

By John M. F. Erwin

AT a banquet of the Merchants' Club of Chicago last March, Dr. Barringer, President of the University of Virginia, and Booker T. Washington were supposed to debate the negro question. Next morning the Chicago "Tribune" announced in startling headlines that Dr. Barringer had made a virtual plea for slavery, and that Booker Washington had made a spirited reply. I heard every word that was said. The impression made on my mind was that the views of the two speakers did not conflict at all. In a conversation between them immediately after the speaking I heard them say that they considered their views to be not far apart. Dr. Barringer presented the matter in a scientific way, and did not hesitate to call a spade a spade. His ideas are not acceptable to the people of the North. Professor Washington took Dr. Barringer's spade without analysis, and told what to do with it. Professor Washington's programme is approved both North and South.

I want to impress the fact that these two men do not differ on vital points about the negro. Dr. Barringer spoke first, and in the outset Professor Washington thanked Dr. Barringer for his speech, and said he could best illustrate his own position by telling a story. Uncle Zeke, an old black man down South, sold a pig to a white man. The pig escaped and came home, and Uncle Zeke sold it to a second white man the same day. The two white men met on the road, and had a dispute about the ownership of the pig. They agreed to let Uncle Zeke decide. Uncle Zeke scratched his head and said: "G'way f'om here, white folks! I ain't gwine ter git mixed up 'cidin' nuthin' 'twixt white folks: 'cide it ter suit yo'se'ves." Professor Washington then proceeded, not to discuss the negro question, but to tell what he had done and was still trying to do in the South. Professor Washington has brought the North and the South to an agreement as to the proper education for the negro; I believe the time is ripe for an agreement as to the proper industrial system for the negro.

I am a Southern man, but I live in Chicago, and, to quote Uncle Zeke, "I ain't gwine ter git mixed up 'cidin' nuthin' 'twixt" my friends of the North and my friends of the South. If I should say anything against the South, I would offend my own relatives, all of whom live South. If I should say anything against the North, I would be afraid to go home: my wife and all her relatives are Northern people—the worst kind!

By request of the editors of The Outlook, I will tell about some things I have done and am still trying to do in the South.

On many of the plantations South the negro is an industrial serf. He is not improving as a citizen. He is a tenant or a "cropper." The tenant is supposed to furnish everything except the land, and give the landlord part of the crop. The cropper furnishes the labor, and the landlord furnishes everything else and gives the cropper part of the crop. The real difference is about as fine as that between a tariff-for-revenue gold Democrat and a low-tariff Republican. Neither the tenant nor the cropper has money to buy supplies. Even if his credit is good elsewhere, he is usually required to trade with his landlord. Competition being eliminated, the landlord has the power to dictate prices for supplies. If at any stage the landlord thinks the crop is not being properly cultivated, he hires outside labor to do the cultivating to suit himself and charges the amount to the negro. The landlord keeps the books and controls the cotton at settlement time. The negro takes what is allotted to him. He gets justice if he has a just landlord. There is a familiar jingle among the negroes down there:

> Naught's er naught, figger's er figger,
> All fer de white man, none fer de nigger.

If the crop prospect and the books show that the negro is probably coming out at the end of the year with something to his credit, efforts are made to sell him an

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organ, or a buggy, or some other elephant, to absorb his surplus money. Aside from the desire for profit on the goods, there is a widespread belief that the negro can be controlled better if he is kept poor; that when he has money he gets "independent." So, year in and year out, whether there is a big crop or a small crop, whether cotton sells at five cents or at ten cents, the negro comes out about even or a little in debt. Occasionally, between sunset and sunrise, he runs away in debt, and there is an outcry about the shiftless nigger.

Please understand, my Southern friends, I am not talking about those of you who run your plantations on a different plan. But you know, and I know, that on many of the plantations the negro is in worse condition to-day than he was as a slave. As a slave he represented a cash value, and, besides, there was a personal element between owner and slave that does not exist now.

In 1890 I interested Mr. Benjamin Gratz, of St. Louis, in a Southern land scheme. The firm of Warren, Jones & Gratz furnished the money, and I bought certain tracts of unimproved woodland near Mansfield, Louisiana. I sold part to negroes on long time in small tracts. Many of them did not meet the payments promptly, but I gave them all the time they needed, and, with two exceptions, they paid for their farms with interest. The two voluntarily conveyed back the land and are now living on it as tenants. A favorite scheme of the land-shark has been to sell to the negro on terms impossible for him to meet, and, when a payment is in default, to take back the land and force the negro to sacrifice his improvements and the payments he has already made. This is short-sighted policy. I know better than the average negro does himself what he can afford to pay, and to trap him into agreeing to do what I know he cannot do will discourage him, and, in the end, will defeat my own plan.

To those negroes who did not have the necessary money for the first payment on a purchase of land, I offered leases, they to put on improvements and use the land so many years, then pay rent. I did not spend a dollar on improvements. I did not even have the land surveyed. I gave them the numbers, and each man got a surveyor and located himself. They are all paying rent now. Rents are not considered in arrear down there until January first. Before the middle of November this year all of our rents had been paid except a balance of twenty-nine dollars from one man who had a serious misfortune. It is not generally supposed in the South that the negro can be relied on to sell his cotton himself, get the money into his own hands, and pay a cash rent. Our rents are cash rents only, and we do not exercise any sort of supervision over the tenants. Each man trades where he pleases, sells his cotton to whom he pleases, and makes all his contracts himself. They are out of debt, own their stock, wagons, implements, etc., and some of them are accumulating money.

Each of those tenants has proved his ability to go into the wild woods without money of his own and without the aid of a dollar from his landlord, and build a house, stable, well, fence, and other improvements, and clear a piece of land and make a living on it for himself and family. The improvements are not elegant, and would sadly disappoint the Northern visitor; but I am free to confess that I personally have not the ability to do the same thing: have you? All the negroes in that settlement, both landowners and tenants, are law-abiding, useful citizens, and are so recognized by their white neighbors. They take pride in their little community, and the atmosphere there would not be agreeable to a negro who did not come up to the standard they have set for themselves. Even the vagabond negro does not regard stealing from another negro in the same light as he does stealing from white people. There are no white people on the place, and there is no stealing. They get the very best of treatment from the surrounding white people, for the white people want their patronage. They are good pay, and merchants, lawyers, doctors —all who have something to sell—compete for their custom and are correspondingly polite, while ordinarily the landlord has a monopoly. Those negroes—any negroes—are not prepared to dispense with contact with the Southern white man the white man who understands them. A merchant who is selling supplies to a negro on credit will carefully watch every stage of the crop, and will advise the negro

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about seed, methods of cultivation, implements, etc., taking the place of the landlord that far; but another merchant across the street is anxious to get that customer, and there is no dictation and no monopoly.

Ruffians in the South, like ruffians the world over, seek the plane of least resistance; that means the negro in the South. In every community the negro needs the moral support of at least one good white man. Mr. Charles W. Elam, a capable lawyer and a good citizen of Mansfield, is vice-president of our land company. From the first I have strongly advised both purchasers and tenants not to have a dispute with a white man; to say Mr. Elam is lawyer for the entire settlement, and that Mr. Erwin has told them to refer all differences with white people to Mr. Elam for settlement. Mr. Elam is a very peaceable man, but it is understood around Mansfield that when it comes in the line of his duty, Mr. Elam is able and willing to accommodate any man about there in any sort of contest, from a foot-race to a fight. To impose on a helpless negro is one thing; to get into trouble with Mr. Elam is an entirely different proposition. It is not popular. Mr. Elam has never had a personal difficulty about those negroes, but Mr. Elam is right on hand all the time, and everybody knows it.

The manager of the settlement, Pinkney Henderson, is a negro. In the South negro managers are rare. We have had Henderson six years. He cannot write his name, but he knows those people, both white and black. He gets new tenants on the unimproved land, and he keeps the old tenants satisfied. In talking over matters relating to the place, he often tells me I am wrong. Investigation usually proves that I *am* wrong. He is called an ignorant nigger and I am called an educated white man, but he has thoroughly convinced me many times that he knows a great deal more than I do about some things. If there has ever been any ill feeling between us even for a moment, I am not aware of it. He collects the rents, and his pay is a percentage of collections. If there is friction between manager and tenant, it is between negro and negro, and is a small matter. If the manager were a white man, a dispute would end in abject submission on the part of the negro, right or wrong, or a race riot. To illustrate. Our place is about thirty-five miles from Shreveport. A few months ago, young Mr. Foster, of Shreveport, was riding horseback over a large plantation of which he was part owner. He rode up to two negro women who were hoeing cotton. There was some talk about the character of the work. Nobody knows what was said on either side, but Mr. Foster got off his horse and slapped one of the women. She hit him with her hoe. She had the hoe in her hands working with it, and probably had no intention of using it as a weapon an instant before she did so use it. Mr. Foster mounted his horse and galloped off toward the plantation headquarters. Those women knew—any one familiar with the customs in that part of the country would have known—that Mr. Foster would arm himself and probably get assistance and return to punish the woman. The woman went to her cabin. The news spread, and ten or a dozen negro men and women collected there. Mr. Foster got a pistol, and, calling to two white overseers to follow him, rode to the cabin. The woman's husband stepped out with a shotgun and killed Mr. Foster, and left for parts unknown. The entire community, including the city of Shreveport, was thrown into the wildest confusion. Plantation work was stopped, business was paralyzed, telegraph wires were cut, armed men were everywhere looking for negroes who may have been concerned in the shooting. The Governor called out the militia to keep the peace. The peace was not kept. The man who did the shooting was not found, but the others who were present, men and women, came near being lynched before the sheriff got them in charge.

The lynching element was overruled for a time, and the sheriff took several negroes to jail. It was charged that papers were found showing conspiracy, and a few days later an armed mob took two of the negroes from the jail and lynched them.

The killing of Mr. Foster was a very distressing affair. I know his family personally, and they have my deepest sympathy. I wish to lay stress on the fact that I make no comment whatever on this case. I cite it to show that such things do occur in the South, and to suggest what I think will eliminate even the

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chance for such an occurrence. If my negro manager had had the controversy with the woman with the hoe, he would probably have galloped off before instead of after being hit with the hoe. Even if the woman's husband had killed the negro manager, the community would not have been plunged into a state of anarchy, and there would have been no lynching. The shooter would have been dealt with by the machinery of the law. As between white man and white man, or between black man and black man, that machinery ranks high as compared with similar machinery elsewhere. There are some mighty fine lawyers down South. Some of them even have the reputation of being able to prove that white is black; it is probably a just criticism, however, to say that they do not show the same zeal on the reverse proposition.

Surely the white man as a class has nothing to fear from the black man as a class in the courts of the South. With very few exceptions, jurors, lawyers, judges, sheriffs, and governors are white men.

Returning to our colony. A fruitful source of trouble on the large plantations is the conduct of white overseers toward the wives of negroes. We have no white overseer. The cause of the most violent trouble in the South is rape, or suspicion of rape, of a white woman by a negro. There is no white woman on our place. In the ten years of the life of the colony we have never lost a tenant except by death, and none who died was killed. Rents are collected promptly, and the tenants never owe us anything. We do not "boss" them.

I have had sole charge of the property, and I have been there only at intervals of about three years, and then never for more than two or three days at a time. Those negroes are doing better than they can do elsewhere, and they have no occasion or desire to leave. There is nothing to run away from, and that is the dearest spot on earth to them.

I am not a philanthropist. I have made some money, and believe I can make some more, offering the negro a better chance than he is getting. I also believe that if it can be demonstrated to Northern capitalists that investments in a large way in Southern agricultural lands will pay, there will be a great flow of capital for this purpose into the South.

Sharp competition for the services of the negro would improve the industrial system of the South, and would vastly benefit the negro.

Most Northern men who have invested in Southern plantations have lost money. A few years ago, Mr. Austin Corbin, of New York, and his associates bought Sunnyside, a plantation on the Mississippi River, in Arkansas. They determined to have the finest cotton plantation in the United States, and probably did have before they got through. But their cotton was like Horace Greeley's potatoes. Mr. Greeley said he raised mighty fine potatoes on his farm, but they cost about a dollar apiece. Mr. Corbin's people built a plantation railroad fourteen miles long, at a cost of $5,000 per mile, equipped it with two locomotives, and then discovered that one mule on a cheap tram could pull everything they had to haul. They thought Italians would be better than negroes to raise cotton, so they imported about 1,100 Italians, and got rid of a good set of negroes to make room for the Italians. Most of the Italians had never seen a cotton plant or a mule. There was trouble with the mule. They got rid of the negro, but kept the mule for the Italian to manage. In two or three years most of the Italians were sent home to Italy at the expense of the company, and they tried to get the negroes back.

Millions of acres of fertile wild alluvial lands can now be bought in the South for a few dollars an acre. When in cultivation, Government statistics show that the money yield per acre from these lands is greater than that from any other lands in the United States on a staple crop.

The negro can put these lands into cultivation at less cost than any one else. His health is good where the white man would die or be unfit for work most of the time. If necessary, he can live without discomfort on four pounds of bacon and one peck of corn meal per week. In clearing land he is an evolutionist. He cuts down and burns the growth under six inches in diameter, cuts a ring around the larger trees with his ax, and lets them die, rot, and fall. The first year he plants his crop in practically a forest. Every year after harvest, in his leisure time, he

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piles and burns the fallen trees, and sets fire to the stumps; the decayed part will burn. In a few years his land is in a high state of cultivation, and Nature has done a large share of the work.

This looks shiftless to the Northern white man. He is a revolutionist. He cuts down and rolls off those big green trees, yanks out the stumps, spends about four times as much money as is necessary, gets malaria, and moves back North, convinced that Southern lands are a poor investment. The negro knows he can raise just as much cotton as his Northern white neighbor by letting the stumps alone and using a little more land; where land is so cheap, this is a small item.

Legislation has not supplied, cannot supply, the great need of the mass of negroes. Legislation made the negro a citizen in law, but did it make him a citizen in fact? Legislation gave him a legal right to vote, but did it make him a voter in fact? "Enforce the law," you say. How? There was a time when troops and United States marshals were all over the South for this purpose. I can tell you of an instance where United States troops were at the door, a United States marshal was in the room, and the ballot-box was stuffed. The man who did the stuffing was engaged most of the time in pleasant conversation with the marshal. The marshal was conscientiously striving to do his whole duty.

Again quoting Uncle Zeke, "I ain't 'cidin' nuthin'." I am only stating a few facts that have a bearing on my story. By legislation in which the South had no voice, universal suffrage had just been given to a large percentage of the population of the South, who were fresh from slavery and only a few generations from savagery. The man who stuffed the ballot-box was not a very bad man. He was not a candidate for office. He had no hope for personal reward of any kind. He took a serious risk of being sent to prison. He did what he believed to be a righteous act under the circumstances. He is dead now, and would not object to my telling this; he was my father. Don't judge him, my Northern friends, by the standards of your own peaceful white communities, where in character and intelligence there is something like equality between opposing candidates.

The South has not yet outgrown some bad habits acquired in what the best men in the South considered her time of desperate need. Recent legislation restricting the ballot is wholesome, but there is no excuse for discrimination between the qualifications of white and those of colored voters.

The philanthropist cannot reach the mass of negroes even indirectly. The ignorant philanthropist is responsible for many misfits among the negroes who have drifted into idleness and crime. If you have money to spend on the education of the negro, swallow your vanity and send the money to Booker Washington; *he* knows.

The mass of negroes need co-operation, not charity. Give the negro an alliance with the cold, hard, practical business man. Give him a chance to substitute for himself industrial self-government in place of the industrial imperialism that prevails on the large plantation. Put him on forty acres of land on a decent basis, and go away and let him alone. He will do the rest, and in doing it he will learn something that no school can teach. The climate is mild and he does not need much clothing; fuel in abundance may be had for the gathering; he can raise the corn for the same kind of bread he now buys at high prices, and hogs for his meat; fish and game are plentiful; he can keep a cow for milk and butter; he can raise chickens and eggs for home consumption, and can easily sell any surplus; he can raise fruit, potatoes, and other garden truck for his own use and some for market; and at the end of the year his cotton money is practically clear. More, he develops character by attending to his own affairs. "Weak sinews in their conflict with difficulties become strong," says Bacon. He becomes a citizen in fact. The sons and daughters from those independent little homes will soon get for themselves educational, political, and other advantages that others cannot give them, and they will deserve those advantages.

I do not propose a solution of the negro problem; that must include a solution of the human problem, and is too big a contract for me. I only ask the North and the South to agree as to the wisdom of a definite business proposition, each section reserving to itself all its principles, theories,

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and prejudices not in conflict with that proposition.

As to the success of our Louisiana colony from the investor's standpoint. All the money invested, with sufficient dividend to pay interest, was returned, the last of it in 1897. A dividend has been paid every year since. The property on hand and dividends since 1897 are net profit. On a principal equal to all the money that was invested, the property is now yielding annually in rents about twenty-five per cent. net. There is still some valuable timber to be sold. When the timber is cut and that land is put into cultivation, the rents should amount to over fifty per cent. annually on the same basis as now. Mr. Benjamin Gratz and Captain L. F. Jones, of St. Louis, and Mr. Anderson Gratz, of St. Louis and New York, have been in the Louisiana company from the beginning, and they, with Mr. B. B. Graham, of the Graham Paper Company, and Mr. J. D. Filley, of the St. Louis Trust Company, have recently aided me in organizing a larger corporation to operate along similar lines in Mississippi. We have already bought our land. With apologies to the above gentlemen for using their names, I will say that my excuse is that they all stand high in the business world, and I sincerely believe that the negro question now needs and deserves the attention of the business world.

Religious Life in America[1]

III.—A Virginia Country Rector

By Ernest Hamlin Abbott

A LOCAL train running out from Richmond took me to Doswell. I knew it was only one chance in ten that I should be able to find the Episcopal minister I wanted to see. Certainly as I stood on the station platform and looked about on the wooded, level country, I could get but little encouragement. Off to the right about a quarter of a mile away were a few houses. Opposite the station was a store. The station agent, a young man, greeted me as if he were my host. Did he know Mr. Hepburn? He most cert'nly did know Rev. Hepburn; everybody did. Could he direct me to his house, and how could I go to it? Well, it was about five miles away along that road, and perhaps I could hire a horse at the store across the way. So across the way I went. Both horses had gone to the mill. Anywhere else to inquire? No. So I started afoot. It was the latter part of February. The brown deadness of a Virginian winter intensified the effect of desolation characteristic of a country suffering from arrested development. As I trudged along not very cheerfully, I heard a shout behind me. A colored man was trying to attract my attention. I waited while he walked leisurely up to where I stood. He offered to take me to Mr. Hepburn's. I gladly made a bargain with him, and off he started with some alacrity to get his horse. While he was gone I strolled over to the neighboring house—or, more properly, cabin. From the small colored boy on the porch I learned a little about the negro churches in the neighborhood, but before I was well under way my colored guide came driving along at a furious pace. Evidently he objected to haste only when it involved exertion on his own part. As we drove away I talked with him about the colored people. From the information given by the driver and the boy I ascertained these facts: that there were two churches, one Baptist, one Methodist; that almost all the negroes were members of one or the other; that there were no services except on Sunday; that the minister of the Baptist church came up every Sunday from Richmond; that the minister was supported by what contributions he could get, not by any stipulated salary.

When we had gone a couple of miles, we saw a buggy coming toward us. It proved to contain Mr. Hepburn himself with his wife. I introduced myself. He had not received the letter of introduction

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which, I understood, was to have been sent him by one of his fellow-ministers. But he most cordially welcomed me and offered me, stranger as I was, the freedom of his house if I would drive on and wait for his return. I acquiesced in this hospitable proposal; but after he had gone I reversed my decision, as another plan occurred to me which might be more for his convenience as well as mine. This proved wise. I told my driver we would return to the station. Before we reached there we met Mr. Hepburn returning alone, his wife having taken the train to Richmond. The vacant seat beside him he offered to me, and I at once accepted it. Now he was free to make the pastoral calls he had planned, and I gained an hour more of his company.

The first impression he made on me was of strength, dignity, virility, and kindliness. As he sat there erect with his blue military cape thrown over his shoulders yet not concealing the clerical coat-collar beneath, with the reins held taut in strong hands that seemed to respond with sympathetic control to every nervous movement of his high-strung horse, with his felt hat shading a pair of friendly eyes, his hair just tinged with gray, his chin strong and clean-shaven, his neck and face bronzed with exposure to the weather, he looked the very figure of what the minister of God in the Church militant should be.

For twenty years he had been traveling on this circuit in Virginia. Its boundaries had changed in the course of years. Now it covers a territory sixty miles long and eight miles wide, containing no villages whatever, only scattered houses. It is a region full of historic interest as the scene of the attack on Richmond. Within this parish he preaches regularly to six churches, in two of them every two weeks, in the others once a month. One of these churches is at Hanover Court-House, made famous by the Civil War.

In this circuit he had seen within twenty years a great social revolution. The character of the population has absolutely changed. He used to have for his congregation people of refinement. One in his congregation was a railroad manager, another was a Judge of the Court of Appeals; there were lawyers and other men of high intelligence and education. Now this element of refinement is no longer dominant. He accounted for this change by referring for the cause to the introduction of electricity, which had so displaced the horse that the breeding of horses, which once was the source of wealth for the community, had ceased to be profitable. With the disappearance of wealth, leisure disappeared also; and with leisure went the opportunities for mental cultivation. Now the young people have to scramble for their living, and scrambling does not refine.

The first house we drove to in the course of the pastoral calls was a visible symbol of this vanished prosperity. Mr. Hepburn told me that it had been the mansion house of a Southern major and had been the scene of true old-time hospitality and gayety. Down below, where a level field lay brown and uncultivated, he pointed out to me the place where the training track had been. For all this I had to take his word. To my eye there was no sign of even a past greatness. My mind had formed an image of what a ruined Southern mansion and its place would look like, and, though the image was one of sadness, it was picturesque. On this February day there was nothing picturesque in the scene before me. It looked merely poor, unkempt, uninteresting. The present occupant of the house, an old, white-haired gentleman of no kin to the former owner, met us at the gate and bade us both welcome. Here he dwelt with his daughter. The wide, open hallway and the high-ceiled sitting-room were bare and scarcely furnished. There was no more sign of the past within than without. But the way in which the old, courtly gentleman and his gentle-voiced, fair-faced daughter entertained us, with the same courtesy and freedom from apology that they would have shown had their house been a palace, was a sign of the happier and easier past, the more pathetic because of the utter disappearance of all other signs. These people on whom the Episcopal minister made his pastoral call were Methodists.

From the old, time-disguised mansion we drove to a new and small house, where a son of the old major lives with his family. There he maintains the traditions of the family by raising and training horses. The two negro boys showed us

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with pride a few of the thoroughbreds. We then went to the house, where the mistress graciously received us. Her two young daughters were charming in their spontaneous welcome, not only to their old friend, but also to me, a stranger. These parishioners were Campbellites, or, as they preferred to be called, "Christians."

Leaving there, Mr. Hepburn turned his horse's head toward home. Through the bare, silent woods we drove, often over tree-stumps left in the road itself. Sometimes Mr. Hepburn would wind his way among these stumps as a skipper steers his vessel through a channel full of reefs; at other times he would "take" a stump with a wheel as a boatman shoots a bit of rapids; but always the masterful hands that held the reins guided the horse with unerring instinct. Once, as we went with a lurch into what seemed to be a veritable morass, he turned to me and said:

"You are not used, I reckon, to such a road as this." It is impossible to reproduce his Virginian ways of speech that fell so pleasantly on my Northern ears. "I should never get around my parishes if I did not use such short cuts. I've been driving over these roads for twenty years, and understand them by this time."

"Have you ever estimated the number of miles you have driven in the course of your duties?" I inquired.

"A lady once asked me that question, and I told her that I had driven around the world once and was well on my second journey. Ever since then each time she sees me she asks how far I've gone. The last time I told her that I was homeward bound near Wheeling on my third trip."

One would imagine that twenty years of such persistent labor among a people that had been declining all the time in wealth, leisure, and refinement might dismay and embitter him. Not so. On the contrary, his observation of conditions within the limits of his circuit had increased his hope and faith. True, with wealth had disappeared leisure; but in former days that leisure, he said, was used for the development not only of high and charming qualities in the Southern people, but also of moral weaknesses. It was, he said, the young man who had been brought up in idleness that, with his chivalry and courtesy, had also an uncontrolled passionate nature which found slavery providing objects for it, and had also the disinclination for useful work which results in shiftlessness and improvidence. Now with the new necessity for occupation there had come an improvement in character. In rural Virginia the mind of the young man of to-day is undoubtedly not so cultivated as the mind of the young man of twenty years ago, but his will is more efficient; he does not appreciate the amenities of life so well, but he values more highly its achievements. He has less suavity, more force.

As we turned into the highway and drove toward his home, Mr. Hepburn recounted an experience of his with a minister of the denomination popularly called Campbellite. This man had come into this Virginia community from the West, and brought with him a breezy and aggressive spirit characteristic of his native place and his denomination. He began by a thoroughgoing effort to make proselytes. His field lay in one of Mr. Hepburn's parishes, and his influence was soon felt among some who were communicants in the Episcopal Church. His aim was to gather in a great number at a "baptism." The people of course attended his meetings in large numbers. Among those whom he had persuaded to be immersed were a number of young people whom Mr. Hepburn had baptized in infancy, some of whom indeed he, as a sort of practicing physician, had helped to usher into the world. This, Mr. Hepburn decided, should be stopped. So on one of his parochial, quasi-episcopal tours he called on this "Campbellite" minister to remonstrate with him for undermining the faith of these young people, however mistaken it might seem to him to be, and to give him fair warning that sturdy opposition would be made. Then Mr. Hepburn began a systematic visitation upon the families of all denominations. To those of his own church he talked no more frankly than to the others. The Baptists he advised to consult with the Baptist minister; the Presbyterians to consult with the Presbyterian minister; and throughout he maintained his friendly relations toward the "Campbellites" themselves. The "Campbellite" minister

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endeavored to draw him into a public controversy, but in vain. When the "baptism" occurred at last, only six, instead of the twenty-eight advertised, were immersed, and these were gathered rightfully either from "Campbellite" families or from those outside of any church. So ended this unusual denominational fight for interdenominational comity under the leadership of an Episcopal minister!

"This is where I live," he said, as we turned in at a gate. The road led to a large, old-fashioned house. On either side it was flanked with a row of little one-story cottages. It seemed as if the old house were reaching out its arms with hospitable welcome as we drove up under the trees to the high, wide porch. The place once was Hanover Academy. The old house was the home of the head master. The little cottages, containing a couple of rooms apiece, were the dormitories for the boys. In the background, standing in the middle of a plowed field, I caught a glimpse of the schoolhouse, now fast falling into decay. Once upon a time Thackeray was a guest here.

While we waited for luncheon to be prepared we chatted together before the open fire in the library. Library I call it, but it contained only one small bookcase filled with rather old-fashioned books. Mr. Hepburn studied mainly in the open air; most of his books were living people, and much of what he read was, after these twenty years, what he had himself written in their lives.

After a luncheon of fine Virginia ham and rice, he took me out to show me his farm, for he raises a large part of what he needs in his own household. He has a few negro servants. In one of the outbuildings was his workshop, with carpenter's bench and blacksmith's forge. There he showed me a sort of derrick he had made with his own hands for lifting invalids from their beds. It was now, as he remarked, itself invalidated by the introduction of trained nurses. All his life he had done a great deal of manual labor. He used, for instance, to cobble the shoes for his family.

The colored stable-boy brought to the door a beautiful thoroughbred mare, the gift of a friend of Mr. Hepburn's, harnessed to the light buggy in which he made his pastoral tours. We started off to drive over a part of his circuit. Our talk drifted to the negroes who lived in the region.

"They won't let me do any religious work among them," he told me, "not even preach for them. But they often call upon me to cure their sick and even to pull teeth for them."

"Have you studied medicine?" I inquired.

"You see, there is no professional physician in a region like this. So, for the sake of my own family, I had to acquaint myself with the use of medicine. Then the families in my parishes would call me in in cases of sickness. So I've come to be a physician as well as a minister. I have even had to do surgical work. I don't know how many children and young people there are in my parishes at whose birth I have attended.

"See how free that mare is! She will go like that all day—and day after day. She will take me forty or fifty miles and she will keep her gait to the last mile. To the end it will be all I can do to hold her. It is endurance that shows a thoroughbred. Do you notice that one of her hips is higher than the other? That is how she happens to belong to me. But it makes no difference for my purposes. We Virginians admire anything that is thoroughbred."

This explicit expression of his joy in the genuine was implicit in all that he said. Admiration for whatever is sterling was a part of his religion.

He told me a story which showed that his knowledge of horses had still another bearing upon his work as a minister. He was once asked to participate in the dedication of a monument in Richmond. On the morning of the day set for the dedication he was to perform a marriage ceremony a number of miles from the city, where he could make no connections by train. He calculated his chances of reaching the city on time and accepted the invitation. He explained to the committee of arrangements that he could not be present to join the procession at its formation, but he could meet the procession at a certain point and go from there to the monument. On the committee was a judge who was known to be irreligious, and rather scornful of ministers; he laughed at the notion that any minister should be man of affairs enough to keep

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an appointment under such circumstances. When the day came, Mr. Hepburn went to the wedding, performed the ceremony, and then, by using a relay of horses, rode to the place of appointment, reaching it at the time, joined the procession, and made the prayer of dedication. The judge was so impressed with this demonstration of the truth that a Christian minister could be a man that, for the first time in his life, he gave serious thought to religion, and before he died became a declared Christian. "All because," Mr. Hepburn explained, "I knew the capabilities of a horse."

So scattered is the population that religious life lacks almost every social element, even the most common, except, of course, the gathering of congregations for worship on Sunday. No "church sociables" are held; and no clubs aside from one or two missionary societies exist in connection with any of his churches.

His circuit includes two large parishes, St. Martin's and St. Paul's. Within these two parishes are six churches, four in one parish, two in another. In two of these six churches, as I have said, he preaches once in two weeks, in the others once a month. The churches of other denominations within the limits of these parishes are also on circuits, and conflict of services is regularly avoided; so that on the Sunday he preaches in any church he has a congregation made up practically of the whole neighborhood. Consequently he preaches regularly to people of other denominations. In one church he has fifty Episcopal communicants out of a total of eighty people; in another fifty out of a total of one hundred; in another fifteen out of a total of seventy-five. In the latter church, for instance, he has not a single male communicant; but people of all the denominations participate in the church service. The organist is a Baptist, the choir leader and Sunday-school superintendent a Presbyterian. The offering is received by a Methodist and a Baptist. But of all his churches that is the one which has the most churchly service, and that is where the responses are clearest and most enthusiastic. He feels that there more than anywhere else he is expected to conduct the service with dignity and scrupulous adherence to the Prayer-Book. The men who bring forward the offering perform their duty with the utmost care. All work in perfect accord. Even in the Mite Society, whose funds are of course turned into Episcopal channels, only two of the members are Episcopalians.

Mr. Hepburn made it apparent that he had very clear conceptions of the duty of the Episcopal Church in such a community. In certain respects, he was free to confess, the Methodists and Baptists might reach more people by means of the emotional elements in their religion; but it seemed to him that those very emotional elements resulted in religious instability. He conceived that it was his distinctive duty to stand for orderliness and dignity in religion, for its permanency, its higher ideals, and its vital obligations.

As the church just described illustrates the friendliness that existed between the Episcopalians and the other denominations, so another church of which he spoke illustrates the distinctive function of the Episcopalians in this country region. This church is in a neighborhood where the other denominations have had constant trouble with the hoodlum element; but in his church, Mr. Hepburn told me, he has had no trouble whatever. He ascribed this to the simple dignity of the service. The boys that sit around the stove quietly disperse as soon as he appears with his surplice in the chancel. Once he invited the clerical club of his part of the State to meet at that very church. He knew that this would bring a great crowd of the country people there, and for once he anticipated some trouble. The church was packed, and he saw that some of these boys were restless. He thereupon selected a few of the more troublesome and made them monitors. There was absolutely good order. I gathered not only from this fact, but also from some stories that were told me about his experiences with such congregations, that his own personal dignity and tact, as well as the liturgy of his Church, were effectual for good order.

In one of his congregations Mr. Thomas Nelson Page, who, it is hardly necessary to say, represents not only literary but aristocratic distinction in Virginia, is a regular attendant. On Sundays, therefore, especially in summer, Mr. Hepburn

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faces a congregation of which the front row consists of such members of the "F. F. V.'s," and immediately behind them people who can neither read nor write.

"How do you preach to a congregation of that sort?" I inquired.

"Well," he replied, with a laugh, "I preach at the second row."

We came to a turn in the road, and there under the trees stood a little old brick church. Quaint, square, bulging brick pillars supported the little porches, one in front and one at the side. An old brick wall with rounded top inclosed the church yard.

"It is the Old Fork Church," he said.

He tied his horse to a tree, went to the side porch, leaned down and took a big brass key from under the step.

"Everybody knows it is kept here," he remarked.

The church was built about 1735, and has been in constant use ever since. It still stands the venerated sacred place of the vicinity, full of historic associations, not only religious, but civil and military. During both the Revolutionary and Civil Wars it was occupied by the soldiers. It has seen one sect after another rise and spread throughout the region, and yet remains the sanctuary for people of all creeds and of no creed at all. The interior was strangely unlike an Episcopal church. In the middle of the front wall rose stiffly an old-fashioned wine-glass pulpit. In front of the pulpit stairs on one side was the reading-desk (it could hardly well be called a lectern); in front of the stairs on the other side stood the prayer-desk. Between these two, and directly in front of the pulpit, stood what Mr. Hepburn said "no one would call an altar, I reckon—it is a sure-enough table according to the Rubrics." Before the communion rail, which was such as one might see in any country Methodist church, stood on a standard a simple marble font. How old this font is is not exactly known, but it antedates the Baptist uprising in Virginia. Even at that troublous time the church itself was unharmed; but this font with its standard was carried away by the Baptists in protest against what they thought a false and pernicious doctrine. For years it was lost, but at last it was discovered in a cellar, being used as a receptacle for meat. The standard has apparently irretrievably disappeared; so now the font rests on a wooden standard painted in imitation of marble—the only suspicion of pretense I noticed during my whole day's experience. The wooden pews, the warped old communion-table, even the little wooden footstools, are the very ones originally placed in the church, and they remained without paint or varnish until this first year of the twentieth century, when the ladies of the church painted the interior with their own hands.

It was with reluctance that I left this little old church. As I got my last glimpse of it at a turn of the road it seemed to be an interpreter of Virginian rural life. In the midst of this country region, apparently so undeveloped as to seem to be new and unsettled, this church stood as a monument to a noble past, a repository of its best traditions, and a symbol of the reverence and hope of the present.

Before Mr. Hepburn left me at the station he took me to one other of his churches. It was a simple, unpretentious wooden structure, apparently containing nothing noteworthy. Mr. Hepburn, however, called my attention to a memorial tablet. The man to whose memory it was erected had regularly visited and addressed the Sunday-school for a long term of years, although he was a Baptist; and so it happens that this memorial to a Baptist stands in an Episcopal church.

If in the course of my trip my observations had led me to fancy that institutional Christianity was only another phase of human selfishness and display, and that religion itself was but a part of sociology, this one day's experience would have been enough to convict me of folly. The Episcopal Church is known to stand among Protestant bodies distinctively for the claims of institutional religion, and is sometimes charged with selfishness, more often with display. That these qualities are not integral parts of institutional religion, even in its most pronounced form, the life of this Virginian rector is abundant proof. Where reverence needed to be quickened he has brought the dignity of public worship; where consciences needed to be touched he has brought the prod of plain speech; where he has been able neither to preach nor to lead in

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worship, he has been ready to serve in the guise of a physician; he has been ready to take any path to the human heart, though it were the heart of a self-ostracised negro, and the path led by the devious way of pulling teeth! So much for selfishness and display. And as to sociology, it would be pretty hard to find it in the religious work of a minister whose people are thinly scattered over a territory of four hundred and eighty square miles.

In the last analysis, every successful religious work that I have seen can be attributed to the same causes that have made Mr. Hepburn's work in a high degree successful—the impact of a dominant personality. Doctrines, organizations, methods, have been the creatures, not the creators, of any religious life I have had the chance to observe. The creator has always been a person. In this case the personality of Mr. Hepburn, though comparatively unaided, was also comparatively untrammeled.

Such a life as Mr. Hepburn's is not unique in Virginia. In fact, with change of personality and location, it is duplicated all through the South. One rector in the city of Richmond told me that early in his ministry he had a similar rural parish. His church was in the center of population, and there were preaching places eight, ten, thirteen miles away in different directions. Most of his time, he told me, he spent on horseback. And this was his testimony as to the hopefulness of Southern rural life: "There is in the main no sign of moral or religious degeneracy. Nine-tenths of the theological students come from rural parishes. In the parish I had, six men out of fifty communicants have gone into the ministry since I left, eighteen years ago—and it was not a remarkable parish either."

Another rector in Richmond told me that his first experience in the pastorate was in circuit-riding, all in connection with negroes; and that it involved all sorts of work—going into their cabins, giving them orders on stores, providing them with medicines, and praying with them.

I have mentioned these Episcopal ministers because I think it is generally believed that circuit-riding is peculiar to the Methodists. As a matter of fact, I found it common in all the denominations in the South. This fact was impressed upon me in conversations I had the privilege of having with several students at Richmond College, one of whom was a minister's son from Georgia, another from Florida, another a resident, I believe, of one of the Carolinas. They all told me the same story of circuit-riding. In the course of one of these conversations I heard of one village of five hundred inhabitants—and this goes to show that circuit preaching is not confined to the sparsely settled country regions—which had five churches of different denominations, each with a preacher of its own. Not one of these preachers lived in the village. One had his home in the country about ten miles away, the others all had their residence in the city of Richmond. This village was simply a part of their circuits. And yet some Sundays every church was closed. There at least there seemed to be lacking the saving power of the right personality.

The student from Florida was the son of a Baptist minister, in whose circuit was the Baptist church of Tallahassee, the capital of the State. At first he lived outside of Tallahassee and came periodically to preach in the city. Gradually the church grew, until, now that it has a membership of seventy-five, he has moved to Tallahassee, but has retained charge over a church in another place. He was still a circuit preacher, with his headquarters in the capital of the State.

Nothing could better illustrate the fact that in the South rural conditions largely preponderate. And if the country rector whose life I had a glimpse of is typical of rural ministry in the South, as I have good reason to believe, there is justification for the hopefulness which I found to be a Southern characteristic.

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The Man from Glengarry[1]

By Ralph Connor

Author of "Black Rock," "The Sky Pilot," etc.

Chapter XXV.—Glengarry Forever

THE Colonel was an experienced traveler, and believed in making himself comfortable. Ranald looked on with some amusement, and a little wonder, while the Colonel arranged his things about the stateroom.

"May as well make things comfortable while we can," said the Colonel; "we have the better part of three days before us on this boat, and if it gets rough, it is better to have things neat. Now you go ahead," he added, "and get your things out."

"I think you are right, Colonel. I am not much used to travel, but I shall take your advice on this."

"Well, I have traveled considerable these last twenty years," replied the Colonel. "I say, would you mind leaving those out?"

"What?"

"Those photos. They're the two you had up by the glass in your room, aren't they?" Ranald flushed a little.

"Of course it ain't for every one to see, and I would not ask you, but those two ain't like any other two that I have seen, and I have seen a good many in forty years." Ranald said nothing, but set the photographs on a little bracket on the wall.

"There, that makes this room feel better," said the Colonel. "That there is the finest, sweetest, truest girl that walks this sphere," he said, pointing at Kate's photograph, "and the other, I guess you know all about her."

"Yes, I know about her," said Ranald, looking at the photograph; "it is to her I owe everything I have that is any good. And, Colonel," he added, with an unusual burst of confidence, "when my life was broken off short, that woman put me in the way of getting hold of it again."

"Well, they both think a pile of you," was the Colonel's reply.

"Yes, I think they do," said Ranald. "They are not the kind to forget a man when he is out of sight, and it is worth traveling two thousand miles to see them again."

"Ain't it queer, now, how the world is run?" said the Colonel. "There's two women, now, the very best; one has been buried all her life in a little hole in the woods, and the other is giving herself to a fellow that ain't fit to carry her boots."

"What!" said Ranald, sharply, "Kate?"

"Yes, they say she is going to throw herself away on young St. Clair. He is all right, I suppose, but he ain't fit for her." Ranald suddenly stooped over his valise and began pulling out his things.

"I didn't hear of that," he said.

"I did," said the Colonel; "you see, he is always there, and acting as if he owned her. He stuck to her for a long time, and I guess she got tired holding out."

"Harry is a very decent fellow," said Ranald, rising up from his unpacking. "I say, this boat's close. Let us go up on deck."

"Wait," said the Colonel. "I want to talk over our plans, and we can talk better here."

"No," said Ranald; "I want some fresh air. Let us go up." And, without further words, he hurried up the gangway. It was some time before Colonel Thorp found him in the bow of the boat, and immediately began to talk over their plans.

"You spoke of going to Toronto first thing," he said to Ranald.

"Yes," said Ranald; "but I think I ought to go to Ottawa at once, and then I shall see my people in Glengarry for a few days. Then I will be ready for the meeting at Bay City any time after the second week."

"But you have not put Toronto in there," said the Colonel; "you are not going to disappoint that little girl? She would take it pretty hard. Mind you, she wants to see you."

"Oh, of course, I shall run in for a day."

"Well," said the Colonel, "I want to give you plenty of time. I will arrange that meeting for a month from to-day."

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"No, no," said Ranald, impatiently; "I must get back to the West. Two weeks will do me."

"Well, we will make it three," said the Colonel. He could not understand Ranald's sudden eagerness to set out for the West again. He had spoken with such enthusiastic delight of his visit to Toronto, and now he was only going to run in for a day or so. And if Ranald himself were asked, he would have found it difficult to explain his sudden lack of interest, not only in Toronto, but in everything that lay in the East. He was conscious of a deep, dull ache in his heart, and he could not quite explain it.

After the Colonel had gone down for the night, Ranald walked the deck alone, and resolutely faced himself. His first frank look within revealed to him the fact that his pain had come upon him with the Colonel's information that Kate had given herself to Harry. It was right that he should be disappointed. Harry, though a decent enough fellow, did not begin to be worthy of her; and, indeed, no one that he knew was worthy of her. But why should he feel so sorely about it? For years Harry had been her devoted slave. He would give her the love of an honest man, and would surround her with all the comforts and luxuries that wealth could bring. She would be very happy. He had no right to grieve about it. And yet he did grieve. The whole sky over the landscape of his life had suddenly become cold and gray. During these years Kate had grown to be much to him. She had in many ways helped him in his work. The thought of her and her approval had brought him inspiration and strength in many an hour of weakness and loneliness. She had been so loyal and so true from the very first, and it was a bitter thing to feel that another had come between them. Over and over again he accused himself of sheer madness. Why should she not love Harry? That need not make her any less his friend. But, in spite of his arguments, he found himself weary of the East, and eager to turn away from it. He must hurry on at once to Ottawa, and with all speed get done his business there.

At Chicago he left the Colonel with a promise to meet him in three weeks at the headquarters of the British-American Coal and Lumber Company at Bay City. He wired to Ottawa, asking an appointment with the Government, and after three days' hard travel found himself in the capital of the Dominion. The Premier, Sir John A. Macdonald, with the ready courtesy characteristic of him, immediately arranged for a hearing of the delegation from British Columbia. Ranald was surprised at the indifference with which he approached this meeting. He seemed to have lost capacity for keen feeling of any kind. Sir John A. Macdonald and his Cabinet received the delegation with great kindness, and in every possible way strove to make them feel that the Government was genuinely interested in the western province, and was anxious to do all that could be done in their interest. In the conference that ensued, the delegate for Victoria took a more prominent part, being an older man and representing the larger and more important constituency. But when Sir John began to ask questions, the Victoria delegate was soon beyond his depth. The Premier showed such an exactness of knowledge and comprehensiveness of grasp that before long Ranald was appealed to for information in regard to the resources of the country, and especially the causes and extent of the present discontent.

"The causes of discontent are very easy to see," said Ranald; "all British Columbians feel hurt at the failure of the Dominion Government to keep its solemn obligations."

"Is there nothing else now, Mr. Macdonald?"

"There may be," said Ranald, "some lingering impatience with the Government by different officials, and there is a certain amount of annexation sentiment."

"Ah," said Sir John, "I think we have our finger upon it now."

"Do not overestimate that," said Ranald; "I believe that there are only a very few with annexation sentiments, and all these are of American birth. The great body of the people are simply indignant at, and disappointed with, the Dominion Government."

"And would you say there is no other cause of discontent, Mr. Macdonald?" said Sir John, with a keen look at Ranald.

"There is another cause, I believe,"

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said Ranald, "and that is the party depression, but that depression is due to the uncertainty in regard to the political future of the province. When once we hear that the railroad is being built, political interest will revive."

"May I ask where you were born?" said Sir John.

"In Glengarry," said Ranald, with a touch of pride in his voice.

"Ah, I am afraid your people are not great admirers of my Government; and perhaps you, Mr. Macdonald, share in the opinion of your county."

"I have no opinion in regard to Dominion politics. I am for British Columbia."

"Well, Mr. Macdonald," said Sir John, rising, "that is right, and you ought to have your road."

"Do I understand you to say that the Government will begin to build the road at once?" said Ranald.

"Ah," smiled Sir John, "I see you want something definite."

"I have come two thousand miles to get it. The people that sent me will be content with nothing else. It is a serious time with us, and I believe with the whole of the Dominion."

"Mr. Macdonald," said Sir John, becoming suddenly grave, "believe me, it is a more serious time than you know, but you trust me in this matter."

"Will the road be begun this year?" said Ranald.

"All I can say to-day, Mr. Macdonald," said Sir John, earnestly, "is this, that if I can bring it about, the building of the road will be started at once."

"Then, Sir John," said Ranald, "you may depend that British Columbia will be grateful to you," and the interview was over.

Outside the room he found Captain De Lacy awaiting him.

"By Jove, Macdonald, I have been waiting here three-quarters of an hour. Come along. Maimie has an afternoon right on, and you are our lion." Ranald would have refused, but De Lacy would not accept any apology, and carried him off.

Maimie's rooms were crowded with all the great social and political people of the city. With an air of triumph, De Lacy piloted Ranald through the crowd and presented him to Maimie. Ranald was surprised to find himself shaking hands with the woman he had once loved, with unquickened pulse and nerves cool and steady. Here Maimie, who was looking more beautiful than ever, and who was dressed in a gown of exquisite richness, received Ranald with a warmth that was almost enthusiastic.

"How famous you have become, Mr. Macdonald!" she said, offering him her hand; "we are all proud to say that we know you."

"You flatter me," said Ranald, bowing over her hand.

"No, indeed. Every one is talking of the young man from the West. And how handsome you are, Ranald!" she said, in a low voice, leaning toward him, and flashing at him one of her old-time glances.

"I am not used to that," he said, "and I can only reply as we used to in school, 'You too.'"

"Oh, now you flatter me," cried Maimie, gayly; "but let me introduce you to my dear friend, Lady Mary Rivers. Lady Mary, this is Mr. Macdonald, from British Columbia, you know."

"Oh, yes," said Lady Mary, with a look of intelligence in her beautiful dark eyes, "I have heard a great deal about you. Let me see, you opposed separation; saved the Dominion, in short."

"Did I, really?" said Ranald, "and never knew it."

"You see, he is not only famous but modest," said Maimie; "but that is an old characteristic of his. I knew Mr. Macdonald a very long time ago."

"Very," said Ranald.

"When we were quite young."

"Very young," replied Ranald, with great emphasis.

"And doubtless very happy," said Lady Mary.

"Happy," said Ranald; "yes, so happy that I can hardly bear to think of those days."

"Why so?" inquired Lady Mary, turning her dark eyes on him.

"Because they are gone."

"But all days go and have to be parted with."

"Oh, yes, Lady Mary. That is true, and so many things die with them, as, for instance, our youthful beliefs and enthusiasms. I used to believe in every one, Lady Mary, and now in no one. God forbid! I discriminate."

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"Now, Lady Mary," replied Maimie, "I want my lion to be led about and exhibited, and I give him over to you."

For some time Ranald stood near chatting to two or three people to whom Lady Mary had introduced him, but listening eagerly all the while to Maimie talking to the men who were crowded about her. How brilliantly she talked, finding it quite within her powers to keep several men busy at the same time; and as Ranald listened to her gay, frivolous talk, more and more he became conscious of an unpleasantness in her tone. It was thin, shallow, and heartless.

"Can it be possible," he said to himself, "that once she had the power to make my heart quicken its beat?"

"Tell me about the West," Lady Mary was saying, when Ranald came to himself.

"If I begin about the West," he replied, "I must have both time and space to deliver myself."

"Come, then. We shall find a corner," said Lady Mary, and for half an hour did Ranald discourse to her of the West, and so eloquently that Lady Mary quite forgot that he was a lion, and that she had been intrusted with the duty of exhibiting him. By and by Maimie found them.

"Now, Lady Mary, you are very selfish, for so many people are wanting to see our hero, and here is the Premier wanting to see you."

"Ah, Lady Mary," said Sir John, "you have captured the Man from Glengarry, I see."

"I hope so, indeed," said Lady Mary; "but why from Glengarry? He is from the West, is he not?"

"Once from Glengarry, now from the West, and I hope he will often come from the West, and he will, no doubt, if those people know what is good for them." And Sir John, skillfully drawing Ranald aside, led him to talk of the political situation in British Columbia, now and then putting a question that revealed a knowledge so full and accurate that Ranald exclaimed suddenly, "Why, Sir John, you know more about the country than I do!"

"Not at all, not at all," replied Sir John; and, then, lowering his voice to a confidential tone, he added, "You are the first man from that country that knows what I want to know." And once more he plied Ranald with questions, listening eagerly and intelligently to the answers so enthusiastically given.

"We want to make this Dominion a great empire," said Sir John, as he said good-by to Ranald, "and we are going to do it, but you and men like you in the West must do your part."

Ranald was much impressed by the Premier's grave earnestness.

"I will try, Sir John," he said, "and I shall go back feeling thankful that you are going to show us the way."

"Going so soon?" said Maimie, when he came to say good-by. "Why, I have seen nothing of you, and I have not had a moment to offer you my congratulations," she said, with a significant smile. Ranald bowed his thanks.

"And Kate, dear girl," went on Maimie, "she never comes to see me now, but I am glad she will be so happy."

Ranald looked at her steadily for a moment or two, and then said, quietly, "I am sure I hope so, and Harry is a very lucky chap."

"Oh, isn't he!" cried Maimie, "and he is just daft about her. Must you go? I am so sorry. I wanted to talk about old times, the dear old days." The look in Maimie's eyes said much more than her words.

"Yes," said Ranald, with an easy, frank smile; "they were dear days indeed; I often think of them. And now I must really go. Say good-by to De Lacy for me."

He came away from her with an inexplicable feeling of exultation. He had gone with some slight trepidation in his heart to meet her, and it was no small relief to him to discover that she had lost all power over him.

"What sort of man could I have been, I wonder?" he asked himself; "and it was only three years ago."

Near the door Lady Mary stopped him. "Going so early, and without saying good-by?" she said, reproachfully.

"I must leave town to-night," he replied, "but I am glad to say good-by to you."

"I think you ought to stay. I am sure his Excellency wants to see you."

"I am sure you are good to think so, but I am also quite sure that he has never given a thought to my insignificant self."

"Indeed he has. Now, can't you stay a few days? I want to see more—we all want to hear more about the West."

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"You will never know the West by hearing of it," said Ranald, offering his hand.

"Good-by," she said; "I am coming."

"Good," he said; "I shall look for you."

As Ranald approached his hotel, he saw a man that seemed oddly familiar lounging against the door; and as he drew near, he discovered to his astonishment and joy that it was Yankee.

"Why, Yankee!" he exclaimed, rushing at him, "how in the world did you come to be here, and what brought you?"

"Well, I came for you, I guess. Heard you were going to be here and were comin' home afterwards, so I thought it would be quicker for you to drive straight across than to go round by Cornwall, so I hitched up Lisette and came right along."

"Lisette! You don't mean to tell me? How is the old girl? Yankee, you have done a fine thing. Now we will start right away."

"All right," said Yankee.

"How long will it take us to get home?"

"'Bout two days easy goin', I guess. Of course, if you want, I guess we can do it in a day and a half. She will do all you tell her."

"Well, we will take two days," said Ranald.

"I guess we had better take a pretty early start," said Yankee.

"Can't we get off to-night?" inquired Ranald, eagerly. "We could get out ten miles or so."

"Yes," replied Yankee. "There's a good place to stop about ten miles out. I think we had better go along the river road, and then take down through the Russell Hills to the Nation Crossing."

In half an hour they were off on their two days' trip to the Indian Lands. And two glorious days they were. The open air with the suggestion of the coming fall, the great forests with their varying hues of green and brown, yellow and bright red, and all bathed in the smoky purple light of the September sun, these all combined to bring to Ranald's heart the rest and comfort and peace that he so sorely needed. And when he drove into his uncle's yard in the late afternoon of the second day, he felt himself more content to live the life appointed him; and if anything more were needed to strengthen him in this resolution, and to fit him for the fight lying before him, his brief visit to his home brought it to him. It did him good to look into the face of the great Macdonald Bhain once more, and to hear his deep, steady voice welcome him home. It was the face and the voice of a man who had passed through many a sore battle, and not without honor to himself. And it was good, too, to receive the welcome greetings of his old friends, and to feel their pride in him and their high expectation of him. More than ever he resolved that he would be a man worthy of his race.

His visit to the Manse brought him mingled feelings of delight and perplexity and pain. The minister's welcome was kind, but there was a tinge of self-complacent pride in it. Ranald was one of "his lads," and he evidently took credit to himself for the young man's success. Hughie regarded him with reserved approval. He was now a man and teaching school, and before committing himself to his old-time devotion he had to adjust his mind to the new conditions. But before the evening was half done, Ranald had won him once more. His tales of the West, and of how it was making and marring men, of the nation that was being built up, and his picture of the future that he saw for the great Dominion, unconsciously revealed the strong manhood and the high ideals in the speaker, and Hughie found himself slipping into the old attitude of devotion to his friend.

But it struck Ranald to the heart to see the marks of many a long day's work upon the face of the woman who had done more for him than all the rest of the world. Her flock of little children had laid upon her a load of care and toil, which, added to the burden she was already trying to carry, was proving more than her delicate frame could bear. There were lines upon her face that only weariness often repeated cuts deep; but there were other lines there, and these were lines of heart pain; and as Ranald watched her closely, with his heart running over with love and pity and indignation for her, he caught her frequent glances toward her firstborn that spoke of anxiety and fear.

"Can it be the young rascal is bringing her anything but perfect satisfaction and

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joy in return for the sacrifice of her splendid life?" he said to himself. But no word fell from her to show him the secret of her pain; it was Hughie's own lips that revealed him, and as the lad talked of his present and his future, his impatience of control, his lack of sympathy to all higher ideals, his determinination to please himself to the forgetting of all else, his seeming unconsciousness of the debt he owed to his mother, all these became easily apparent. With difficulty Ranald restrained his indignation. He let him talk for some time and then opened out upon him. He read him no long lecture, but his words came forth with such fiery heat that they burned their way clear through all the faults and flimsy selfishness of the younger man till they reached the true heart of him. His last words Hughie never forgot.

"Do you know, Hughie," he said, and the fire in his eyes seemed to burn into Hughie's, "do you know what sort of woman you have for a mother? And do you know that if you should live to be a hundred years, and devoted every day of your life to the doing of her pleasure, you could not repay the debt you owe her? Be a man, Hughie. Thank God for her, and for the opportunity of loving and caring for her."

The night of his first visit to the Manse Ranald had no opportunity for any further talk with the minister's wife, but he came away with the resolve that before his week's visit was over he would see her alone. On his return home, however, he found waiting him a telegram from Colonel Thorp, mailed from Alexandria, announcing an early date for the meeting of shareholders at Bay City, so that he found it necessary to leave immediately after the next day, which was the Sabbath. It was no small disappointment to him that he was to have no opportunity of opening his heart to his friend. But as he sat in his uncle's seat at the side of the pulpit, from which he could catch sight of the minister's pew, and watched the look of peace and quiet courage grow upon her face till all the lines of pain and care were quite smoothed out, he felt his heart fill up with a sense of shame for all his weakness, and his soul knit itself into the resolve that if he should have to walk his way, bearing his cross alone, he would seek the same high spirit of faith and patience and courage that he saw shining in her gray-brown eyes.

After the service he walked home with the minister's wife, seeking opportunity for a few last words with her. He had meant to tell her something of his heart's sorrow and disappointment, for he guessed that, knowing and loving Kate as she did, she would understand its depth and bitterness. But when he told her of his early departure, and of the fear that for many years he could not return, his heart was smitten with a great pity for her. The look of disappointment and almost of dismay he could not understand until, with difficulty, she told him how she had hoped that he was to spend some weeks at home and that Hughie might be much with him.

"I wish he could know you better, Ranald. There is no one about here to whom he can look up, and some of his companions are not of the best." The look of beseeching pain in her eyes was almost more than Ranald could bear.

"I would give my life to help you," he said, in a voice hoarse and husky.

"I know," she said, simply; "you have been a great joy to me, Ranald, and it will always comfort me to think of you, and of your work; and I like to remember, too, how you helped Harry. He told me much about you, and I am so glad, especially as he is now to be married."

"Yes, yes," replied Ranald, hurriedly; "that will be a great thing for him." Then, after a pause, he added: "Mrs. Murray, the West is a hard country for young men who are not—not very firmly anchored, but if at any time you think I could help Hughie, and you feel like sending him to me, I will gladly do for him all that one man can do for another. And all that I can do will be a very poor return for what you have done for me."

"It's little I have done, Ranald," she said, "and that little has been repaid a thousand-fold, for there is no greater joy than that of seeing my boys grow into good and great men, and that joy you have brought me." Then she said good-by, holding his hand long, as if hating to let him go.

"I will remember your promise, Ranald," she said, "for it may be that some day I shall need you." And when the chance came to Ranald, before many years

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had gone, he proved himself not unworthy of her trust.

At the meeting of shareholders of the British-American Coal and Lumber Company, held in Bay City, the feeling uppermost in the minds of those present was one of wrath and indignation at Colonel Thorp, for he still clung to the idea that it would be unwise to wind up the British Columbia end of the business. The Colonel's speech in reply was a triumph of diplomacy. He began by giving a detailed and graphic account of his trip through the province, lighting up the narrative with incidents of adventure, both tragic and comic, to such good purpose that before he had finished his hearers had forgotten all their anger. Then he told of what he had seen of Ranald's work, emphasizing the largeness of the results he had obtained with his very imperfect equipment. He spoke of the high place their manager held in the esteem of the community, as witness his visit to Ottawa as representative, and lastly he touched upon his work for the men by means of the libraries and reading-room. Here he was interrupted by an impatient exclamation on the part of one of the shareholders. The Colonel paused, and, fastening his eye upon the impatient shareholder, he said, in tones cool and deliberate: "A gentleman says, 'Nonsense!' I confess that before my visit to the West I should have said the same, but I want to say right here and now that I have come to the opinion that it pays to look after your men—soul, mind, and body. You'll cut more lumber, get better contracts, and increase your dividends. There ain't no manner of doubt about that. Now," concluded the Colonel, "you may still want to close up that business, but before you do so, I want you to hear Mr. Macdonald."

After some hesitation, Ranald was allowed to speak for a few minutes. He began by expressing his amazement that there should be any thought on the part of the company of withdrawing from the province at the very time when other firms were seeking to find entrance. He acknowledged that the result for the last years did not warrant any great confidence in the future of their business, but a brighter day had dawned, the railroad was coming, and he had in his pocket three contracts that it would require the company's whole force for six months to fulfill, and these contracts would be concluded the day the first rail was laid.

"And when will that be?" interrupted a shareholder, scornfully.

"I have every assurance," said Ranald, quietly, "from the Premier himself, that the building of the railroad will be started this fall."

"Did Sir John A. Macdonald give you a definite promise?" asked the man, in surprise.

"Not exactly a promise," said Ranald.

A chorus of scornful "Ohs" greeted this admission.

"But the Premier assured me that all his influence would be thrown in favor of immediate construction."

"For my part," replied the shareholder, "I place not the slightest confidence in any such promise as that."

"And I," said Ranald, calmly, "have every confidence that work on the line will be started this fall." And then he went on to speak of the future that he saw stretching out before the province and the whole Dominion. The feeling of opposition in the air roused him like a call to battle, and the thought that he was pleading for the West that he had grown to love stimulated him like a draught of strong wine. In the midst of his speech the secretary, who till that moment had not been present, came into the room with the evening paper in his hand. He gave it to the president, pointing out a paragraph. At once the president, interrupting Ranald in his speech, rose and said: "Gentlemen, there is an item of news here that I think you will all agree bears somewhat directly upon this business." He then read Sir John A. Macdonald's famous telegram to the British Columbia Government promising that the Canadian Pacific Railway should be begun that fall. After the cheers had died away, Ranald rose again and said: "Mr. President and gentlemen, there is no need that I should say anything more. I simply wish to add that I return to British Columbia next week, but whether as manager for this company or not, that is a matter of perfect indifference to me." And, saying this, he left the room, followed by Colonel Thorp.

"You're all right, pardner," said the

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Colonel, shaking him vigorously by the hand, "and if they don't feel like playing up to your lead, then, by the great and everlasting Sammy, we will make a new deal, and play it alone!"

"All right, Colonel," said Ranald; "I almost think I'd rather play it without them, and you can tell them so."

"Where are you going now?" said the Colonel.

"I've got to go to Toronto for a day," said Ranald; "the boys are foolish enough to get up a kind of dinner at the Albert; and besides," he added, resolutely, "I want to see Kate."

"Right you are," said the Colonel; "anything else would be meaner than snakes."

But when Ranald reached Toronto, he found disappointment awaiting him. The Alberts were ready to give him an enthusiastic reception, but, to his dismay, both Harry and Kate were absent. Harry was in Quebec and Kate was with her mother visiting friends at the Northern Lake, so Ranald was forced to content himself with a letter of farewell and congratulation upon her approaching marriage. In spite of his disappointment, Ranald could not help acknowledging a feeling of relief. It would have been no small ordeal to him to have met Kate, to have told her how she had helped him during his three years' absence, without letting her suspect how much she had become to him, and how sore was his disappointment that she could never be more than friend to him, and, indeed, not even that. But his letter was full of warm, frank, brotherly congratulation and good will.

The dinner at the Albert was in every way worthy of the club and of the occasion, but Ranald was glad to get it over. He was eager to get away from the city associated in his mind with so much that was painful.

At length the last speech was made and the last song was sung, and the men, in a body, marched to the station carrying their hero with them. As they stood waiting for the train to pull out, a coachman in livery approached little Merrill.

"A lady wishes to see Mr. Macdonald, sir," he said, touching his hat.

"Well, she's got to be quick about it," said Merrill. "Here, Glengarry," he called to Ranald, "a lady is waiting outside to see you; but I say, old chap, you will have to make it short—I guess it will be sweet enough."

"Where is she?" said Ranald to the coachman.

"In here, sir," conducting him to the ladies' waiting-room, and taking his place at the door outside. Ranald hurried into the room, and there stood Kate.

"Dear Kate!" he cried, running toward her with both hands outstretched, "this is more than kind of you, and just like your good heart."

"I only heard last night, Ranald," she said, "from Maimie, that you were to be here to-day, and I could not let you go." She stood up, looking so brave and proud, but, in spite of her, her lips quivered.

"I have waited to see you so long," she said, "and now you are going away again."

"Don't speak like that, Kate," said Ranald; "don't say those things. I want to tell you how you have helped me these three lonely years, but I can't, and you will never know, and now I am going back. I hardly dared to see you, but I wish you everything that is good. I haven't seen Harry either, but you will wish him joy for me. He is a very lucky fellow."

By this time Ranald had regained control of himself, and was speaking in a tone of frank and brotherly affection. Kate looked at him with a slightly puzzled air.

"I've seen Maimie," Ranald went on, "and she told me all about it, and I am—yes, I am very glad." Still Kate looked a little puzzled, but the minutes were precious, and she had much to say.

"Oh, Ranald!" she cried, "I have so much to say to you. You have become a great man, and you are good. I am so proud when I hear of you," and, lowering her voice almost to a whisper, "I pray for you every day."

As Ranald stood gazing at the beautiful face, and noticed the quivering lips and the dark eyes shining with tears she was too brave to let fall, he felt that he was fast losing his grip of himself.

"Oh, Kate," he cried, in a low, tense voice, "I must go. You have been more to me than you will ever know. May you both be happy."

"Both?" echoed Kate, faintly.

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"Yes," cried Ranald, hurriedly. "Harry will, I'm sure, for if any one can make him happy, you can."

"I?" catching her breath, and beginning to laugh a little hysterically.

"What's the matter, Kate? You are looking white."

"Oh," cried Kate, her voice broken between a sob and a laugh, "won't Harry and Lily enjoy this?"

Ranald gazed at her in fear as if she had suddenly gone mad.

"Lily?" he gasped.

"Yes, Lily," cried Kate; "didn't you know Lily Langford, Harry's dearest and most devoted?"

"No," said Ranald; "and it is not you?"

"Not me," cried Kate, "not in the very least."

"Oh, Kate, tell me, is this all true? Are you still free? And is there any use?"

"What do you mean," cried Kate, dancing about in sheer joy, "you silly boy?"

By this time Ranald had quite hold of her hands.

"Look here, old chap," burst in Merrill, "your train's going. Oh, beg pardon!"

"Take the next, Ranald."

"Merrill," said Ranald, solemnly, "tell the fellows I'm not going on this train."

"Hoorah!" cried little Merrill, "I guess I'll tell 'em you are gone. May I tell the fellows, Kate?"

"What?" said Kate, blushing furiously.

"Yes, Merrill," cried Ranald, in a voice strident with ecstasy, "you may tell them. Tell the whole town."

Merrill rushed to the door. "I say, fellows," he cried, "look here!"

The men came trooping at his call, but only to see Ranald and Kate disappearing through the other door.

"He's not going," cried Merrill, "he's gone. By Jove! they're both gone."

"I say, little man," said big Starry Hamilton, "call yourself together if you can. Who's both gone? In short, who is the lady?"

"Why, Kate Raymond, you blessed idiot!" cried Merrill, rushing for the door, followed by the whole crowd.

"Three cheers for Macdonald!" cried Starry Hamilton, as the carriage drove away; and after the three cheers and the tiger, little Merrill's voice led them in the old battle-cry, heard long ago on the river, but afterward on many a hard-fought football field, "Glengarry forever!"

[THE END]

Books of the Week

This report of current literature is supplemented by fuller reviews of such books as in the judgment of the editors are of special importance to our readers. Any of these books will be sent by the publishers of The Outlook, postpaid, to any address on receipt of the published price.

Across the Continent of the Years. By Newell Dwight Hillis. The Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. 4½×7 in. 47 pages. 25c.

Adventures of a Japanese Doll (The). By Henry Mayer. Illustrated. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 12½×9½ in. 127 pages. $3.

Animals' Picnic (The). Described by Clifton Bingham. Illustrated by G. H. Thompson. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 12¼×10 in. 54 pages. $1.50.

A similar book for children last year told the experiences of the animals on a visit to the seashore. The pictures are both colored and in black and white, and practical experience enables us to state positively that they do in point of fact immensely amuse young children.

Battle of Pell's Point, October 18, 1776 (The). By William Abbatt. Published by William Abbatt, New York. 6×9 in. 28 pages.

A military monograph which shows close local study and is a useful contribution to the history of the Revolution as related to Westchester County, in this State.

Before the Dawn: A Story of Russian Life. By Pimenoff-Noble. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. 5×8 in. 401 pages. $1.50.

This novel of Russian life is written by the wife of Mr. Edmund Noble, who is recognized as an authority on Russian matters, and has written more than one valuable book on this subject. We judge from the name that Mrs. Noble is of Russian or Polish birth, and it is quite certain from internal evidence that she has intimate and large knowledge of conditions in Russia. We believe that Mr. Noble has in some particulars collaborated in the preparation of the book. It may be said broadly that it would be impossible to find any other recent book which gives such vivid pictures of Russian life as it is to-day. The story deals with Russian society in several grades, but is most thorough in its treatment when it tells of the life of the women students, the propaganda of the revolutionists, and the experiences of political exiles in the

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less remote places of punishment. The novel shows some lack of experience in fiction-writing in its construction and development, but it does not lack incident, and toward the end its story becomes exciting. In the main, however, the book is of value, not as a piece of fiction dealing with passion and adventure, but as affording a most welcome glimpse of conditions—one which could be presented only by one thoroughly conversant with the subject at first hand.

Behold the Man. By Channing Pollock. The Neale Publishing Co., Washington, D. C. 4½×7 in. 104 pages.

Bible Stories. Retold by L. L. Weedon. Introduction by the Right Rev. William Bond Carpenter, D.D., Lord Bishop of Ripon. Illustration in Color and Black and White, by Ambrose Dudley. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 7½×9½ in. 168 pages. $2.50.

This is an elegantly prepared work for the youngest readers, or for reading to the youngest of school age. The text preserves the simplicity, though not the phraseology, of the Biblical narratives, and is illustrated copiously and well.

Bibliographical Contribution to the Study of John Ruskin (A). Compiled by M. Ethel Jameson. Published by the Author, 117 Selden Ave., Detroit, Mich. 5×7¾ in. 154 pages. $2.

This volume, prepared originally as a thesis, is an admirable piece of intelligent, conscientious, and thorough work, furnishing the student with a complete apparatus for the study of Ruskin, including a bibliography of the works about him, and a well-prepared and clearly arranged presentation of the significant facts in his life. It puts special emphasis on his education, his personality, his environment, his religious thought, and his habits of work, and gives a chronological list of his books and contributions of all sorts, with a complete list of books made up from Ruskin's writings and of other books for which he wrote prefaces, a bibliography of all printed matter relating to Ruskin, and an index. This résumé will indicate the completeness with which Miss Jameson has done her work. She has made a book which will be invaluable to students of Ruskin.

Bob, Son of Battle. By Alfred Ollivant. Illustrated. The Doubleday & McClure Co., New York. 5×8 in. 356 pages. $1.50.

This is a new and appropriately illustrated edition of what may be called a dog classic.

Book of Old-Fashioned Flowers (The). By Harry Roberts. (Handbooks of Practical Gardening, Vol. IV.) John Lane, New York. 5×7½ in. 109 pages. $1, net.

In attractive language the author of "A Country Garden" tells us in his latest volume about gardening in general and about old-fashioned flowers in particular. The longing to reproduce in newer ground the old-fashioned gardens of England and of New England is finding increasing expression; those who are not quite sure how to set about such work may here find clearly set forth the general principles to be observed in order to have success with flowering plants, whether old or new fashioned.

Boy Problem (The): A Study in Social Pedagogy. By William Byron Forbush. (Second Edition.) The Pilgrim Press, Boston. 5×7½ in. 194 pages.

Here is a book which cannot fail of influence, if it can get the attention of those whom it concerns, especially in the churches. It should be sufficient commendation of it to them that President G Stanley Hall, than whom no more competent critic in such matters can be found, speaks of the author's work with boys as "hardly less than epoch-making." It is grounded in a thorough understanding of boy nature, and a firm grasp of the psychological and pedagogical principles involved in rational treatment of it. Dr. Forbush's "Critique of Boys' Clubs and of Church Work for Boys" discusses the Christian Endeavor and similar societies, and our present Sunday-school methods. This and his chapter on "The Boy Problem in the Church" are seriously suggestive in their indication of the true lines and methods of work for boys. A Directory of Social Organizations for Boys and a bibliography of the best literature on the general subject add to the serviceableness of this long-needed work.

Bunkum Book (The): A Topsy Turvy Tale. By Aubrey Hopwood. Illustrated by Maud Trelawny. Frederick Warne & Co., New York. 12×9¼ in. 64 pages. $2.

By the Waters of Sicily. By Norma Lorimer. Illustrated. James Pott & Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 312 pages. $1.75.

In this series of letters from a brother to a sister the reader will obtain a charmingly interesting view of Southern Italian life as seen by an appreciative observer. The points of observation are respectively: Syracuse, Castrogiovanni, the mountain Girgenti, Palermo, and other places. These pictures of Sicilian life cluster about people, things, and incidents, and culminate in a bit of romance. In tone they are intimate, sportive, and picturesque, and delightfully free from any suspicion of guide-book information.

Cape and Its Story (The). By the Author of "Breaking the Record," etc. Thomas Nelson & Sons, New York. 5×7¼ in. 3.4 pages.

Care of Estates (The). By Frederick Trevor Hill. Baker, Voorhis & Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 176 pages. $1.25.

A most useful compilation prepared by a member of the New York Bar. It is in the form of questions and answers, and these give, plainly and directly, information about the duties, rights, and liabilities of executors, administrators, trustees, and guardians, together with other information relating to the general subject indicated by the title. The provisions of law quoted are those of New York State, but the principles laid down, as a rule, are applicable in other States.

Choral Service Book (The). Edited by Harry G. Archer and the Rev. Luther D. Reed. General Council Publication House, Philadelphia, Pa. 6×8½ in. 228 pages. $1.

This elegantly wrought manual, though specially prepared for Lutheran churches, is of interest to all who hold that art is a desirable handmaid to worship. To all such the editors' elaborate preface will prove an instructive

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essay on the history of church music. While the historic liturgy, as formed by Luther and his associates, has been reinstated in the Lutheran churches, its proper and original musical form still needs to be brought to its own. This is the design of the book, whose cardinal principle is that the Gregorian system is the true liturgical music of the Church.

Christ and Life. By Robert E. Speer. The Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. 4½×7¼ in. 232 pages. $1, net.

These short papers on Christian practice in daily conduct, though intended for Christian people generally, may be regarded as addressed by a young man to young men and women. They reflect a religion which commends itself as both manly and thoughtful, strenuous and sympathetic, of high ideals and high consistency therewith. In treating the problems of conduct, helpfulness is always conditioned on discrimination. The paper on "The Nobility of Wrath" is finely discriminating; that on "A Christian's Standards," inadequately so. All bicycle-riding on Sunday is not wrong, as may seem to be implied, and there are cases in which, though a lie is always unjustifiable, yet, in the judgment of the most eminent of ethical writers, deception is a duty.

Chronicles of the House of Borgia. By Frederick Baron Corvo. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 6½×10¼ in. 375 pages. $6, net.

Reserved for later notice.

Conquest of the Old Northwest (The). By James Baldwin. The American Book Co., New York. 5×7½ pages. 263 pages. 60c.

Convalescents' Receipt Book (The). By a Trained Nurse, Grace Franklin Osgood. L. C. Page & Co., Boston. 4×6¼ in. 163 pages. 75c.

Curse of Education (The). By Harold E. Gorst. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 144 pages. $1, net.

Mr. Gorst deals the blows of the reformer who must tear down before he can build up. He forcibly arraigns the present methods of education, which he accuses—and not unjustly—of manufacturing uniformity and mediocrity by the cramming of facts, and by subjecting each individual to the same process, regardless of his individuality. If the book were in the hands of school boards and examining committees throughout the land, less stress might be laid on "system," to which at present too much is sacrificed. Mr. Gorst's book is not constructive. Its chief aim is to draw attention to the incongruities and evils wrought by the existing educational systems. It well realizes this aim.

Dutton's Holiday Annual for 1902. Stories by G. A. Henty, G. Manville Fenn, and other well-known Authors. Edited and Arranged by Alfred J. Fuller. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 8×9¾ in. 128 pages. $1.25.

Don Gil de las Calzas Verdes. By Fray Gabriel Téllez. Edited by Benjamin Parsons Bourland, Ph.D. Henry Holt & Co., New York. 4½×6½ in. 198 pages. 75c.

Among his contemporaries the Spanish dramatist Tirso was second only to Lope de Vega. Tirso wrote about four hundred plays, and his works are still to be seen on the stage. Little is known of his life, however, save that Tirso was his pseudonym; as Fray Gabriel Téllez he was a monk, and was greatly occupied with the affairs of his order, Nuestra Señora de la Merced (Our Lady of Grace), in which he apparently attained high rank. He died in 1648. The present volume includes one of the most popular of his plays. In its clear print and charming yellow cover the little book is welcome to the lover of Spanish literature, doubly welcome on account of Dr. Bourland's biographical and bibliographical notes.

Elsa's Little Boys. By Mrs. Herbert Martin. Illustrated. Frederick Warne & Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 234 pages. $1.

Episode on a Desert Island (An). By the Author of "Miss Molly." E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 175 pages. $1.25.

This episode is presented in a series of letters to one beloved, supposed to be written with the purpose that they should not be read till after the writer's death. The letters are penned with a sincerity which reveals the woman's whole soul.

Evolution of Bible Study (The). By Henry Drummond. Edwin S. Gorham, New York. 5½×8 in. 52 pages. 50c., net.

This address of Professor Drummond before a large assembly of ministers and students has remained unpublished till now. It is very brief, a mere outline, but a luminous statement of the service rendered to religion by "the new science" of criticism in presenting "the new Bible," cleared of insoluble contradictions found in the old. A short paper by Professor Drummond, "Temptation, a Psychological Study," is included in the volume.

Farm Book (The): For the Little Ones. By Walter Copeland. **A Book of Days: For Little Ones.** By Clare Bridgman. Illustrated. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 3½×5 in. 120 pages each. $1.25 per set.

Fernley House. By Laura E. Richards. Illustrated. Dana Estes & Co., Boston. 4¾×7 in. 240 pages. $1.25.

The present story has humor, wholesome sentiment, and that acquaintance with the best things of life which gives charm to this popular writer's work.

Five Thousand Facts and Fancies: A Cyclopædia of Important, Curious, Quaint, and Unique Information in History, Literature, Science, Art, and Nature. By William Henry P. Phyfe. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. 6¼×9½ in. 816 pages. $5.

This bulky and well-printed book covers a large though a rather indefinite field. It would be perfectly easy to pick out not a few things which one might expect to find here that have been omitted; but this kind of criticism seems to us carping in this case because it would require ten volumes of this size to contain everything which everybody might think belonged to the classes of subjects included. The five thousand brief articles alphabetically arranged relate to curious and unusual bits of knowledge, sometimes important, but oftener of minor interest, connected with history, literature, science, art, or nature, and belonging to scores of subdivisions of these general topics. We are glad to place the book in our reference library, and doubt not that it will be equally welcome in other libraries.

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For Very Little Folk: A Jumble Book with Hundreds of Pictures and Stories Arranged for Their Amusement. By Aunt Louisa. Frederick Warne & Co., New York. 7½×9½ in. 94 pages. $1.75.

Franks: Duellist. By Ambrose Pratt. R. F. Fenno & Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 339 pages. $1.50.

"God Wills It!" A Tale of the First Crusade. By William Stearns Davis. Illustrated. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5×7¾ in. 552 pages.

This is a tumultuous romance which exercises something of the same fascination as that wielded by Scott's "Ivanhoe" and "Talisman." The plot revels in incident of a thrilling character; adventure after adventure meets the young Norman, Richard Longsword, whose feats in the lists in Sicily, in feudal quarrel for his ancestral estates in France, and later as a soldier of the Cross in Palestine during the first Crusade, are narrated with vigor and dash. Mr. Davis will be remembered as the author of a somewhat remarkable story of classical days called "A Friend of Cæsar." The present book shows evidence of very minute study of the history of the times of the Crusades, and especially of the manners and usages of chivalry. One point which will surprise many not thoroughly acquainted with the subject is found in the close alliances in southern Italy between Christians and Moslems just before the Crusades. The chief thread of the plot is concerned with the seizing of Sir Richard's bride, who is taken from him by the somewhat melodramatic paynim villain of the story, and is recaptured under most romantic circumstances during the siege of Antioch. Of the four great attributes of good fiction—subtlety and strength of character-creation, humor, plot construction, and narrative or story-telling gift—this tale may be said to be weak as to the first two elements and strong in the two latter.

Held to Ransom. By F. B. Forester. Thomas Nelson & Co., New York. 5½×7¾ in. 408 pages.

History in Rhymes and Jingles. By Alexander Clarence Flick, Ph.D. Illustrated. The Saalfield Publishing Co., Akron, Ohio. 8½×11½ in. 114 pages. $1.25.

Some of the best-known legends in child-lore are here given in verse, and accompanied with foot-notes which explain their historic connection, wherever they have any. Among these are rhymes about James Watt, the inventor, Peter Stuyvesant, Molly Pitcher, John Eliot, Paul Jones, personages in English history, historic happenings, and even the myths and heroes of classic antiquity. The stories are copiously illustrated and well suited both to instruct and amuse children.

Höher als die Kirche. By Wilhelmine von Hillern. Edited by J. B. E. Jonas, Ph.D. Allyn & Bacon, Boston. 4½×6¾ in. 124 pages. 50c.

How to Remember: Without Memory Systems or With Them. By Eustace H. Miles, M.A. Frederick Warne & Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 278 pages. $1.

Mr. Miles, a man of high culture, has here given us one of the best books on this subject. Every one will find something here that can be appropriated with advantage; even advertisers might learn a little they had never thought of. Mr. Miles believes in system, and follows it, but he is bound to none. His aim is to help each reader to discover what is the best line of memory-culture for himself.

In Fair Granada: A Tale of the Moors and Christians. By E. Everett-Green. Thomas Nelson & Sons, New York. 5½×7¾ in. 439 pages.

In florid phrase this story reproduces the Spain of other days.

Israel Putnam, Pioneer, Ranger, and Major-General, 1718-1790. By William Farrand Livingston. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. 5×7¾ in. 442 pages. $1.35.

The latest addition to the American Men of Energy Series has to do with a picturesque American hero. The life of Israel Putnam, which closed in 1790, also fell in perhaps the most picturesque period of our country's history. In preparing this biography Mr. Livingston has had access to original sources of information hitherto unused in any formal presentation of Putnam's life. The new light thrown upon history comes from unpublished material of which Putnam was the author, and also from letters, diaries, and other writings of many of his associates and friends. Hence this volume has some of the merit of Professor Hart's "American History Told by Contemporaries" in giving, not only to the serious student, but even to the general reader, a more graphic and exact impression of the events of any period than can characterize a subsequent account of such events. As the season is now approaching when parents, godparents, relatives, guardians, and friends are thinking of just what book they shall put into a boy's hands at Christmas, in this may be found exactly the kind of fiber needed to stimulate courage, resourcefulness, and warm-heartedness. Every boy ought to have these qualities in normal measure, but some boys are lacking in one or the other of them. To such this book would come as a true friend. To older readers it will show what has not yet been appreciated—the stimulation which Putnam's life did actually accomplish in the prosecution of the American Revolution. Of course Bunker Hill receives specially vivid treatment, and the author has an appendix on the question of the exact services rendered there by Putnam. In general, the illustrations are excellent, but that of "Put's Hill" at Greenwich, Conn., hardly pictures the difficulties of the famous ride.

John Forsyth's Aunts. By Eliza Orne White. McClure, Phillips & Co., New York. 5×7¾ in. 629 pages. $1.50.

Through the interest of his aunts in his fortunes, especially in his domestic and love life, John Forsyth might be called the central figure in this story, but the reader is pretty sure to find most enjoyment in the unfoldment of the respective personalities of his three aunts. These three maiden ladies are engagingly typical. Totally different in temperament, character, and habits, the author expends upon them all her understanding of the little things of life; the contrasts, interferences, sympathies and antipathies which go to make up the happiness or misery of daily life, and the bliss or woe of blood relationship and family interdependence. The aunts are depicted with skill and artistic insight.

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Joy and Strength for the Pilgrim's Day. Selected by the Editor of "Daily Strength for Daily Needs." Little, Brown & Co., Boston. 4×6 in. 378 pages.

The editor of this selection has already given evidence of her very nice sense of poetic values for the purposes of inspiration and consolation in two previous collections, "Daily Strength for Daily Needs" and "Quiet Hours," both ranking among the very best books of their kind. This volume has the catholicity of its predecessors, for the material has been drawn from many authors, countries, and sources for the purpose of stimulating courage, faith, hope, and love; of making burdens easier to bear, trials easier to meet, and life easier to live—easier, that is, in the sense of adding strength to those who have to bear, carry, endure, and live.

King Midas. By Upton Sinclair. Illustrated. Funk & Wagnalls Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 388 pages. $1.20, net.

The reader will find here a really striking story of present-day conditions, ambitions, and temptations in that circle known as Society. Compared with most pictures of social life its workmanship may be called brilliant; sincerity as well as knowledge are apparent on every page. It depicts the temptations of a young girl just launched, and under tutelage of a worldly-minded relative, to marry a man of millions without love on her part. In this study of a girl's exultation in her own fancied power, her misgivings, battling of worldliness with higher promptings, and fear of depths in herself yet unsounded, there is revealed an insight into the very strength and weakness of woman seldom touched by popular writers. Music is also brought in, in a way that plays a part in the unfoldment of plot and character and control over the emotions. The portrayal of the girl's awakening to a knowledge of real love in her meeting with the man of her choice affords chapters of dramatic power. One feels before reaching the close that the contrasts of character-growth must result in tragedy, but even in the tragedy there is triumph, for it culminates without gloom—it is the triumph of achievement working with destiny.

King's Ring (The). By Zacharias Topelius. Translated by Sophie Oehrwall and Herbert Arnold. L. C. Page & Co., Boston. 5×7½ in. 297 pages. $1.50.

The first interest, perhaps, to some readers lies in the fact that this romance introduces to them a writer of fame in his own land, but almost unknown to the great American public. A foremost writer of the Swedish romantic school, known throughout Europe, Topelius takes for the hero of this tale the Lion of the North, Gustavus Adolphus, and makes its theme the adventures of that king as he led his army of Swedes and Finns against the Catholic powers of the Continent. The plot and mystery hinge upon a ring composed of iron and copper, always worn by the King, and believed to possess talismanic virtues; it was originally found on the finger of a statue of the Virgin in a demolished church. Lost by the King and found by a Jesuit, it was, on the latter's death, recovered by one of the King's followers, a heroic Finn, to whom it brings luck, titles, and marriage with a German Catholic princess who figures throughout the story. The whole romance presents a terrible picture of the rancor, bigotry, and brutality on both sides that reigned in the wake of the Reformation. The unconquerable temper of the Finns, together with the queer mingling of the dark, dense, and picturesque in their superstitions, may prove to many readers the most novel and interesting features of this stormy tale.

La Locandiera. By Carlo Goldoni. Edited by J. Geddes, Jr., Ph.D., and Freeman M. Josselyn, Jr. D. C. Heath & Co., Boston. 4¼×6½ in. 114 pages. 30c.

The year which saw the execution of Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette saw also the passing away of other notable people in Paris. One of these was Carlo Goldoni. For thirty years he had been living in the French capital, principally occupying the Government position which had tempted him to quit Italy. He had already spent two-thirds of his long life in Italy; there the greater part of his one hundred and fifty comedies were written. Of them the present volume includes one of the best examples of this dramatist's simplicity, sprightliness, and power of individualization; the edition is accompanied by extremely informative introduction, notes, and vocabulary.

Last of the Knickerbockers (The). By Herman Knickerbocker Vielé. Herbert S. Stone & Co., Chicago. 4¾×7¾ in. 354 pages. $1.50.

The scenes of this story are all laid in modern New York, the heroine being a descendant of some of its early worthies. She is a clever, charming young woman of the present-day type. The tone of the story is bright and playful. There is no deep plot or purpose, but there are bright conversations and hits at current fads.

Let Not Man Put Asunder. By Basil King. Harper & Bros., New York. 5×7½ in. 425 pages. $1.50.

The scenes of this novel open in a New Hampshire county house, shift to Boston and thence to London. The opening chapters exploit conversational tilts between the leading characters so very clever as to prejudice the reader. He feels workmanship, not nature. But the story improves as it proceeds, although the irony continues so plenteous as to be ever in danger of defeating its aim. The heroine, Petrina Faneuil (feminine for Peter, founder of the "Cradle of Liberty"), is described as the innermost product of old Boston family pride and culture; but her marital exploits are likely to make those who know much about the latter open both eyes and mouth in wonder.

Life of an Elephant (The). By the Author of "The Life of a Bear." Illustrated. (New Edition.) Edwin S. Gorham, New York. 5½×7¾ in. 228 pages.

A book of similar character to "The Life of a Bear," described under that title.

Life of a Bear (The). By the Author of "The Life of an Elephant." Illustrated. Edwin S. Gorham, New York. 5½×7¾ in. 226 pages. $1.25.

Simply told stories for little children about a

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family of bears. There are many illustrations rather coarsely engraved, but calculated to excite the interest of children who care for animal pictures, as almost all children do.

'Lias's Wife: An Island Story. By Martha Baker Dunn. Illustrated. L. C. Page & Co., Boston. 4½×7 in. 263 pages. $1.25.

This novel deals with an island in Penobscot Bay, Maine. The story is entertaining, and has local color and local phraseology.

Little Colonel's Holidays (The). By Annie Fellows-Johnston. Illustrated. L. C. Page & Co., Boston. 5¼×8 in. 232 pages. $1.50.

Another tale of Kentucky life for children. It might be called a continuation of "The Little Colonel," by the same author, and has the easy, natural life-play which is characteristic of her work.

Little Lady—Her Book. By Albert Bigelow Paine. Illustrated. The Henry Altemus Co., Philadelphia. 5×7¼ in. 315 pages. $1.

Daintiness may be said to furnish the hallmark of this little story among recent juveniles. It has the charm of imagination, and sympathy with the child instinct that glorifies common things.

Little Pilgrimages Among the Women who Have Written Famous Books. By E. F. Harkins and C. H. L. Johnston. Illustrated. L. C. Page & Co., Boston. 4½×7 in. 343 pages. $1.50.

A great many names of women who have made themselves widely known are here given, yet a glance suffices to show that many of the greatest feminine names known to literature are absent. Among the sketches and portraits of authors are those of Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, Amelia E. Barr, Sarah Orne Jewett, Mary E. Wilkins, Octave Thanet, Mrs. Burnett, Molly Elliot Seawell, Mary Johnston, Bertha Runkle, Gertrude Atherton, and others of equal popularity. The sketches are pleasingly written without any attempt at searching criticism of the respective authors' work.

Lives of the English Saints (The). Written by Various Hands at the Suggestion of John Henry Newman, afterwards Cardinal. Illustrated. The J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia. In 6 vols. 5×8 in.

This edition of Cardinal Newman's "Lives of the Saints" commends itself by its light weight, clear print, and good paper. To the text there has been appended some interesting informative and explanatory matter. The first appendix reprints Newman's "Calendar of English Saints," compiled in 1843; it is particularly well worth attention because the names in italics are those of "eminent or holy persons who, though not in the Sacred Catalogue, are recommended to our religious memory by their fame, learning, or the benefits they have conferred on posterity." The second appendix includes short biographies of the various authors of the "Lives," all of whom worked under Newman's general direction. The authorship of some of the lives, however, must remain obscure, since the Cardinal suppressed the list of contributors in his possession, and was always reticent on the subject. For the most part, nevertheless, the writers of the Lives were well known by common report at the original date of publication, and their names were frequently entered in manuscript on the various title-pages. The editor of the present reprint has had access to two sets of the original issues so inscribed. Thus guided, he has been enabled to assign the thirty-three Lives to fourteen authors. With one exception, all of the fourteen are now dead. It is a striking testimony to Newman's insight, adds the editor, that, of the writers selected by him, eight have found place in the "Dictionary of National Biography." Of the remaining six, Froude and Church are not there simply because they were still living when the volume appeared which otherwise would have included their names.

Lyric and Dramatic Poems of John Milton (The). Edited by Martin W. Sampson. Henry Holt & Co., New York. 4½×6¾ in. 345 pages.

This volume contains the text of all Milton's English lyric and dramatic poems, intended for school and college use. "Samson Agonistes" has also been added. The introduction and notes are furnished by Martin W. Sampson, of Indiana University.

Making of a Country Home. By J. P. Mowbray. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. 5×8 in. 258 pages. $1.50.

Mr. Mowbray's is a readable book. He is not satisfied with telling us many things about a country home and its making; in vigorous phrase he also "tells a story," and his story has both sustained interest and humor.

March of the White Guard (The). By Gilbert Parker. R. F. Fenno & Co., New York. 4×7 in. 133 pages. 75c.

This is a story of early adventure in the Hudson Bay Company. It tells of the early friendship of two young men, one of whom basely betrays the other, steals his invention, palms it off as his own, and then marries the woman beloved by the defrauded man. The false friend is finally lost in the ice regions while serving the Company, and saved by the man he has injured. The story is brief and terse; not a word is wasted in the telling, and it leaves in the reader's consciousness a picture of noble-minded heroism.

Margot: The Court Shoemaker's Child. By Millicent E. Mann. Illustrated. A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago. 5½×8 in. 231 pages. $1, net.

This is a juvenile cast somewhat in the manner of the historical novel now so much to the fore. Margot's father is a shoemaker to the Court of Louis XIV. of France. The family is Huguenot, and to escape persecution escapes to America, where Margot meets with many strange adventures. She is a lovable little girl with whom young readers will gladly make friends.

Mary Rich, Countess of Warwick (1625-1678). By Mary E. Palgrave. Illustrated. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 323 pages. $1.50.

The editor of the series "Saintly Lives" justly holds that orthodox hagiology is discouraging to ordinary minds; saints about whom legends of the supernatural have gathered may excite our admiration, but discountenance our imitation. The editor has done well, therefore, to start a series concerning Latter-Day Saints, men and women whose lives lived in recent centuries may be proposed as examples of godliness. It is believed that this series will include not a few lives whose high service has never courted particular public notice,

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The series will thus accomplish a valuable work if it rescue and enshrine such lives for all time. The present volume records the career of that Countess of Warwick whose career covered fifty-odd years of the seventeenth century. The book is both interesting and profitable.

Master Key (The): An Electrical Fairy Tale. By L. Frank Baum. Illustrated. The Bowen-Merrill Co., Indianapolis. 5¼×8 in. 245 pages.

Mistress Joy: A Tale of Natchez in 1798. By Grace MacGowan Cooke and Annie Booth McKinney. The Century Co., New York. 5×7¾ in. 369 pages. $1.50.

A romance dealing with old-time local life in New Orleans and along the Mississippi. The heroine, Mistress Joyce Valentine, is the daughter of a Methodist minister. She is highly attractive, as well as sound of heart and character, and wins the love respectively of a colonial neighbor and of a young English nobleman of stranded fortune, but who subsequently falls heir to an earldom. Her intention to become a preacher and missionary is broken into by a visit to a relative in New Orleans, where she becomes a social belle. There are vivid pictures of the life of the period. Among the personages figuring in its pages are the Duke of Orleans (King Louis Philippe), Aaron Burr, and others of note.

Modern Antæus (A). By the Author of "An Englishwoman's Love Letters." Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. 5×7¾ in. 518 pages. $1.50.

The trend of this story is quite outside that of the popular novels of the day. It might be called a study, subtle and searching, into character as interpreted by existing social conditions and prejudices. The scenes are laid in England. The Antæus of the story—a son of Earth and Water—is Tristram Gavney, a person of nature and impulse, and so unconventional as to earn for himself the nickname of "Tramp" among his well-placed family clan. The plot is much enmeshed by the social conditions. A poor girl who endures like a martyr the consequences of her moral lapse is coldly treated by the rector of the parish and her father dismissed from his service. Tristram stands by the girl, and as a consequence is regarded by all as a sharer in her shame. Finally the rector is asked to baptize her child, for whom Tristram offers to stand godfather. The community is scandalized, but the rector cannot refuse. When the young woman whispers her child's name, it is that of the rector's own son. The latter finally proves himself a man and marries her without pressure from his father. The story has power, but the style is at times too leisurely to produce due dramatic effect. The analysis overweights it.

Most Famous Loba (The). By Nellie K. Blissett. D. Appleton & Co., New York. 4½×7¼ in. 325 pages. $1.

The scenes of this tale are pitched backward to the thirteenth century. The heroine is the beautiful Loba, daughter of the Sieur de Cabaret. The scenes are laid in the court at Carcassonne, where Agnes de Montpellier held sway. The tale is one of pageantry and glitter, of knights and troubadours, heroism and adventure, and the author has so well conned the chronicles of the time and imbibed their spirit that the reader feels the atmosphere of the period and people.

Monuments of the Early Church. By Walter Lowrie, M.A. Illustrated. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5×8 in. 432 pages. $1.75.

"Monuments," in the inclusive sense here employed, include the cemeteries, edifices, paintings, sculptures, mosaics, miniatures, objects of the minor arts, and civil and ecclesiastical dress, from the second to the sixth century inclusive. Each branch of early Christian art and archæology is treated as fully as the limits of a comprehensive manual permit. Apart from the religious interest in the subject, it is attractive to any student of the history of art in its linking of the Græco-Roman and the mediæval. In so rich a field it is difficult to fix exclusive attention on any part, but the early Christian sepulchers, the great work on which is De Rossi's "Roma Sotterranea," will always possess a surpassing interest, and it is duly recognized in this volume. It should be noted also that Mr. Lowrie shows the futility of attempting to assign a pre-Christian origin to the Christian symbol of the Cross, which nowhere appears on Christian monuments of the second and third centuries, while he finds reason to trace the origin of the Constantinian monogram in part to a pagan religious symbol, the sun-wheel. Altogether this is a volume of rare interest. Fully illustrated as it is, it is unsurpassed as a compendious presentation of its subject. A select bibliography upon the archæology of the early Christian period is appended for such as wish to pursue the subject further.

My Friend Anne: A Story of the Sixteenth Century. By G. Demain Hammond, R.I. Frederick Warne & Co., New York. 5¼×7½ in. 320 pages. $1.50.

This story is laid in the time when Henry VIII. was contemplating a separation from his wife Catharine of Aragon. The Anne of the story is his second wife and victim, Anne Boleyn—coming into favor as the story opens. The story is told in the first person from the point of view of an observer about the court. Queen Catharine comes in for highest praise. Anne is presented as a young woman of faults and virtues; her vanity, ambition, and struggles against temptation are equally depicted. The style is smooth and intelligent, without special illumination into the spirit of the period or its chief actors.

Muhammad and His Power. By P. De Lacy Johnstone, M.A., M.R.A.S. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 5×7½ in. 238 pages. $1.25.

This volume is not the least valuable in an admirable series. In compact and concise language it gives a new view of the life of one who profoundly influenced history. In the book's earlier chapters we have a sketch of Arabia, the Arabians, the social and political conditions in which Mohammed rose; then follows the story of the Prophet's life; the later chapters comprise a description of the work of his successor, and also some account of the Korân. This word is spelled by the author "Qurân," and the usual Mohammed "Muham-

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mad." Much emphasis is placed upon physical features. After reading these pages we understand better how the philosophy of Buddhism arose in the hot, moist Ganges Valley, and how the stern warrior-faith of the Muslims sprang up in fiery, arid Arabia. If the author had inserted a map, it would have helped the ordinary reader's understanding of Arabia and of seventh-century history. Perhaps the most interesting part of the present volume is that which recounts the inception of Mohammedan dogmas. We could wish for greater detail in the treatment. Too much is left to the imagination as to the gradual shaping of cardinal doctrines—the existence of one God, almighty and absolute, merciful and forgiving; the resurrection and final judgment; the apostleship of Mohammed, and the acceptance of his teaching as the sole condition of salvation. Through these pages, however, we realize, as not before, first, that Mohammedanism was a revolt from the gross superstition in which too many Arabians had been nurtured; and, second, that as Mohammed's power grew his character suffered; he became cruel, treacherous, mendacious. Though its own devotees admit the corruption of Islam's first simplicity, we still have the spectacle of one-sixth of the human race in its grasp.

Neighbours of Field, Wood, and Stream. By Morton Grinnell. Illustrated. The Frederick A. Stokes Co., New York. 5½×8 in. 285 pages. $1.30.

The author, with considerable success, makes his birds, beasts, and fish talk like "humans," although sometimes the little fishes do talk too much like whales, and the field-mouse's fun has an elephantine ponderousness. That the author knows the habits and home life of the remaining wild creatures in this part of the country is evident. There are dozens of photographs of birds and animals, and to young people especially the volume will prove attractive.

New Practical Arithmetic. By Eugene L. Dubbs. The American Book Co., New York. 4½×7¼ in. 440 pages. 60c.

New Tales of Old Rome. By Rodolfo Lanciani. Illustrated. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. 6½×9½ in. 336 pages. $5, net.

Reserved for later notice.

Nine Unlikely Tales for Children. By E. Nesbit. Illustrated. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 297 pages. $1.50.

Nonsense Songs. By Edward Lear. With Drawings by L. Leslie Brooke. Frederick Warne & Co., New York. 6¾×8½ in. $2.

Of Business. By Richard Rogers Bowker. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. 4½×7 in. 56 pages. 50c.

On the Great Highway. By James Creelman. The Lothrop Publishing Co., Boston. 5×7½ in. 418 pages. $1.20, net.

It seems pretty safe to forecast for this book a large circle of readers. Told by one of the best known of war correspondents, its contents cover most of the events that have made modern history. Mr. Creelman claims the distinction of being the first newspaper man who was granted an interview with the Pope, and he makes that interview very readable. He gives an equally interesting and much more intimate conversation with Count Tolstoï, carries his readers through the war in China, describes the burnings and lootings, the massacre at Port Arthur, shows the interior of Korea, together with a close view of its ruler, describes the battles of Manila Bay, El Caney, etc., and ends with the last days of President McKinley. The style is that of the journalist bent on picturesque effects.

Our Devoted Friend the Dog. By Sarah Knowles Bolton. Illustrated. L. C. Page & Co., Boston. 5½×8½ in. 444 pages. $1.50.

Here is a subject well suited to interest readers of many kinds and conditions. The dog is represented from many different viewpoints—historical, personal, and narrative. Authenticated stories are given of dogs who saved people from drowning and other accidents, houses from burning, robbery, and other dangers. Dogs who have died of grief or committed suicide through loss of loved ones, together with anecdotes of the love of many noted personages for them, are all brought together in this volume. Names, places, dates of occurrence, etc., are set down, and there is an enormous amount of material sure to both surprise and delight all lovers of dogs.

Over the Plum-Pudding. By John Kendrick Bangs. Harper & Bros., New York. 5×8 in. 245 pages. $1.15, net.

An interesting group gathered from the latest output of stories by this favorite humorist. Several of them are especially suited to the Christmas season, and although they vary a good deal in interest as well as quality, all are full of the droll fancies and unexpected turns of thought brought to play upon familiar things which gives individual quality to all Mr. Bangs's work and makes it unmistakable among that of other humorists, even if deprived of his signature.

Passing and the Permanent in Religion (The). By Minot Judson Savage, D.D. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. 5½×8½ in. 336 pages. $1.35.

This felicitous title exactly expresses the book's contents. There is a justly and increasingly growing irritation with the merely ephemeral in religion. There is a just and increasing longing for the permanent. The value of this volume lies in the fact that by it many a seeker after truth will find much more of the permanent than he may have thought could exist. Rarely only is there evidence of some haste in the author's composition, as where he confounds Christianity and the Church on page 6. Rarely, also, is there a phrase which sounds strange to a Trinitarian Christian, as, for instance, "Why do we to-day cling to the supreme leadership in morals and religion of the Nazarene? Because here was a soul so developed, so rounded, so clarified, that God could put more of Himself into Him than *perhaps* into any other man that ever lived." Mr. Savage gives form to many of the thoughts struggling for utterance in the minds and hearts of those furtively feeling after God. In frankly relating his own difficulties he also speaks for many another struggler who would lay hold of the central, universal, and most important element in the life of the world. The uplift of the human heart

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and its onlook towards spiritual ideals must be greater because of a book which makes a bold attempt to do away with the common difficulties about God, the universe, worship, prayer, the Church, the resurrection, the hereafter.

Religion and Morality. By Daniel Carey. Eaton & Mains, Cincinnati. 5×7½ in. 92 pages.

This treatment of the subject is Biblical, showing the emphasis which the Scriptures lay on morality as well as religion. The author's detailed exhibition of what may be deemed a truism is significant for its implication that there is among those who recognize the authority of the Bible a tendency to the divorce of religion from morality, which makes it important to emphasize their inseparableness.

Rob Roy MacGregor. By Dr. Gordon-Stables, R.N. Illustrated. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 5×8 in. 304 pages. $1.50.

Here is a book which without doubt will appeal to boys—and to many older readers as well. This famous Highland chief is one of those historic personages who have become household words to thousands of people who know absolutely nothing about the real facts of their lives. This book will tell them all about how political enmity made Rob Roy an outlaw, and, having become an outlaw, how he made himself a terror to those who outlawed him. Just now, when the turn in the literary tide casts up so many one-sided historic novels, it is only fair play that some one should arise and favor the side of those who defended and lost their all for the fallen Stuarts.

Rosalynde's Lovers. By Maurice Thompson. Illustrated. The Bowen-Merrill Co., Indianapolis. 5×7½ in. 249 pages.

Slight of texture and aiming at nothing more than a simple love tale, much of the author's fine and delicate workmanship is to be found in this story. A wealthy Eastern man takes a trip into Indiana, where chance and accident bring him into close contact with a charming girl of ancient French descent. She lives with her grandfather, just then running for the Governorship of his State, and handicapped because of his want of campaign funds. The Eastern man contrives, without the other's knowledge, to put money at his disposal, and in similar manner contrives to benefit an earlier lover who aspired to the girl's hand. The story ends delightfully for all parties concerned.

Rosamond Tales (The): Sixteen Short Stories Intended for Children. By Cuyler Reynolds. Illustrated. L. C. Page & Co., Boston. 5½×8 in. 284 pages. $1.50.

Just simple tales of happy adventures in town and country by Rosamond and Rosalind. They cover such happenings as children delights to hear, and never, apparently, get too much of. Interesting knowledge of animals, birds, flowers, etc., plays its part in the narratives and keeps curiosity inquiringly awake.

Scouting for Buller. By Herbert Hayens. Thomas Nelson & Sons, New York. 5×7½ in. 400 pages. $1.25.

Sermons on the International Sunday-School Lessons for 1902. By the Monday Club. The Pilgrim Press, Boston. 5×8 in. 388 pages.

Shakespeare. (The Variorum Edition.) Vol. XIII. **Twelfth Night; or, What You Will.** Edited by Horace Howard Furness. The J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia. 6½×10 in. 434 pages. $4, net.

The thirteenth volume in Dr. Horace Howard Furness's noble and monumental work. Reserved for later notice.

"Smiles:" A Book of Recitations for Girls. By Alice Lewis Richards. Published by the Author, Akron, O. 5×7½ in. 153 pages.

Snares of the World (The). By Hamilton Aidé. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 5×8 in. 414 pages. $1.50.

Social Spirit in America (The). By Charles Richmond Henderson. Scott, Foresman & Co., Chicago. 5×7¾ in. 350 pages. $1.50.

The second edition of an excellent book. It is peculiarly adapted to suggest and stimulate work in women's clubs along social lines.

Songs of the Hill Winds. Compiled and Edited by Kendall Banning. The Cheltenham Press, New York. 4¼×7 in. 94 pages.

Sons of the Sword. By Margaret L. Woods. McClure, Phillips & Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 393 pages. $1.50.

This is a spirited story of the time when Napoleon was pressing his campaign in the Spanish peninsula. The hero is a dashing young French officer on Napoleon's staff; the heroine, the daughter of an Irish gentleman, is traveling with her grandfather, a clergyman of the English Church on the Continent. The clergyman is killed and the girl detained. A Spanish woman, a famous singer, who had been befriended by the English girl's family, tries to rescue her by disguising her as a member of her own opera company, and thus the girl is brought into numerous complications, one of which is the insulting notice of the Conqueror of nations. The littlenesses of Napoleon, the petty malice with which he pursues the girl who scorned him, together with the punishment and degradation meted out to the French officer who loved her, are pictured with a forceful pen. The story is boldly written and has dramatic life and color.

Source Book of the History of Education for the Greek and Roman Period. By Paul Monroe, Ph.D. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5½×8 in. 515 pages.

"Education" is here taken in its accepted historic meaning—"a definitely organized institutional attempt to realize in individuals the ideals controlling a given people." Dr. Monroe's work puts before the student, instead of a second-hand description, such selections from Greek and Roman literature as exhibit the educational ideas and systems in vogue among those peoples. The period covered extends from the earliest times to the Greek Gregory Nazianzen in the fourth century A.D., and the Roman Quintilian in the first. The development of thought upon the subject, the discussions it called forth, and the changing ideals of successive periods are illustrated in a rich variety of material culled from the poets, the philosophers, and the orators. Brief introductions to the successive chapters supply the reader with the proper perspective. This is a valuable addition to the apparatus of study in this department of modern learning.

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Stories of Enchantment. By Jane Pentzer Myers. Illustrated. A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago. 5×7½ in. 215 pages.

The story of a white child found and adopted by an Indian medicine man and his wife gives name to this book, all the stories of which deal with enchantments and fairy antics. The stories are fairly well told, and the tenor of most of them is weird—too much so, perhaps, for the taste of children.

Studies of the Soul. By J. Brierley, B.A. (Third Edition.) Thomas Whittaker, New York. 5×7¾ in. 303 pages. $1.20, net.

The author of these papers, a retired Congregational minister in London, regularly addresses a wide audience through the columns of the "Christian World." Such is the quality both of his thought and of his style that he deserves to be as widely read here as he is there. The variety of topics treated under the general title commands a wide range of interest, and their mode of treatment is both brief and illuminating, popular but philosophic. The product of wide reading, clear thinking, and acute observing is digested, in these essays upon various phases of mental life, into an agreeable and portable form, commendable particularly to the thoughtful but busy people whose opportunity for solid intellectual refreshment is shortened to the allowance of time for a lunch-counter.

Swedish Fairy Tales. By Anna Wahlenberg. Translated by Axel Wahlenberg. Illustrated. A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago. 5½×7½ in. 158 pages. $1, net.

The tone of old-time fairy tales pervades this little volume. The appeal is simple and straight to heart and imagination, without modern whimsicalities. There is a moral, but it is not made too obvious.

Teddy: Her Daughter. By Anna Chapin Ray. Illustrated. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. 5×7½ in. 295 pages. $1.20, net.

This entertaining story for children is practically a continuation of the author's very popular story of Teddy and her sister Phebe. In this story of Teddy's daughter many of the personages of the former story again appear on the scene. The whole story is engagingly to'd.

Thoughts for Every-Day Living. From the Spoken and Written Words of Maltbie Davenport Babcock. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 4½×7 in. 192 pages. $1, net.

The sense of wide loss by a widely lamented death is freshly stirred by this book. Dr. Babcock's sermons being irreproducible, this sole memorial of the living voice has been compiled from various scattered sources in print, in notes taken by hearers, and in private letters. They reflect a consecrated life, in which a manly, cheerful, courageous piety rejoiced in serving, strengthening, and comforting all whom it could. Many a thought in these pages is fitted the better for daily use by being cast into a form that fastens on the memory; *e.g.*, "Conscience, like gravitation, takes hold of atoms;" "To face the inevitable is to confront something sacred." Among the poems added to the collection are one or two that are fitted to find a place in hymnals.

Three Guardians of Supernatural Religion: The Bedell Lectures for 1899, delivered in the College Church of the Holy Spirit, Gambier, Ohio, June 20 and 21, 1901. By Morgan Dix, S.T.D., D.C.L., D.D. Edwin S. Gorham, New York. 5×7¾ in. 103 pages. 75c., net.

The three here presented are the Scriptures, the Church, and the Sacraments, among which last "Holy Matrimony" is reckoned. It were to be wished that many with whom Dr. Dix ranges himself, in opposition to that revision of traditional Christian conceptions which modern knowledge makes imperative, could rid themselves of the central illusion which vitiates all their reasoning, viz., that if the old supernaturalism is invalidated, all supernaturalism disappears—a mistake which some scientists, as well as theologians, labor under. There are no more stanch upholders of that rational supernaturalism which is a corollary of the Divine Immanence than those of the clergy whom Dr. Dix charges with breaking plighted faith and oath in their breaking from the old supernaturalism, which regards God as outside of his works and as regulating them by interferences.

Times of Retirement: Devotional Meditations. By George Matheson, M.A., D.D., F.R.S.E. The Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. 5×8 in. 301 pages. $1.25, net.

We would commend this collection of short papers as unsurpassed by any of their kind. The biographical sketch of their author which introduces them terms him with much reason "the Schleiermacher of contemporary theological thought." What one expects from such, one finds here—deep feeling, clear insight, religious inspiration. It is characteristic of these meditations that they begin in reflection, out of which on the wings of thought devotion rises naturally in adoration and prayer.

Tommy Foster's Adventures. By Fred A. Ober. Illustrated. Henry Altemus Co., Philadelphia. 5×7¼ in. 248 pages. $1.

Boys who love adventures among the Indians—and they are legion—will be sure to enjoy reading about how Tommy, who went out West with his mother and invalid father, fell in with an Indian boy who became his friend, and through whom he shared in most exciting and wonderful adventures. Mr. Ober tells his story well.

Travels Round Our Village. By Eleanor G. Hayden. Illustrated. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 5¾×9 in. 321 pages. $2.50.

This book describes nooks in the west of England unknown to the average tourist. In tone and temper truly delightful the author discourses of old gardens, hedges, and downs which compose nature poems in themselves; also acquaints the reader with men and women racy of the soil, gives scraps of local history associated with Briton, Saxon, or Dane, and with happenings in an old manor-house during the reign of the Parliamentary forces. Especially delectable are extracts from an old book on cookery found in a secret cupboard of the old mansion, which shows how people of quality fed some centuries ago. The reader will naturally marvel how any one survived the richness and weight of some of

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the dinners. The ease and naturalness of the book is charming.

Une Semaine à Paris: With a Series of Illustrated Conversations. By Edwin F. Bacon, Ph.D. The American Book Co., New York. 5×7¼ in. 136 pages. 50c.

Under the Black Raven. By Paul Creswick. Illustrated. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 5¼×8 in. 303 pages. $1.50.

A spirited and striking picture of olden times in Denmark before Christianity dawned on that land. The interest of the story centers in the conflicting claims of two Danish factions, The Ravens and The Dragons—signifying the emblems under which they fought. The hero of the tale is Saga the Dane, the heir of the Ravens and destined to unite both houses. He has been brought up in England, at the Court of Ælfred, and goes thence with a Saxon friend, Eadgar, to push his fortunes in Denmark and oust the usurper from his father's hall. The story gives a vivid picture of the rude wars and love-making of remote times.

Unto You Young Women. By the Venerable William MacDonald Sinclair, D.D. The J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia. 4×7 in. 228 pages. $1, net.

Victorian Prose Masters: Thackeray—Carlyle—George Eliot—Matthew Arnold—Ruskin—George Meredith. By W. C. Brownell. Charles Scribner's Sons New York. 5×8½ in. 289 pages. $1.50, net.

Reserved for later notice.

Wage of Character (The): A Social Study. By Julien Gordon. D. Appleton & Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 272 pages. $1.25.

The scenes are laid first in New York City, later in Washington, whither the hero of the story goes to enter upon political life. The kaleidoscopic social life of Washington is presented with deft touches, together with its temptations and moral lapses; and, to be in timely touch with the sensational side of the life depicted, the story ends with a divorce and the fashionable material prosperity of the separated parties in their new marital ventures.

Wagner, Bayreuth, and the Festival Plays. By Frances Gerard. Illustrated. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 208 pages. $1.25, net.

Washingtonians (The). By Pauline Bradford Mackie. L. C. Page & Co., Boston. 5×7½ in.

This is a social study of life at the Capital during the early days of the Civil War. The conflict of arms cuts no figure in the story; it is only referred to incidentally. The President is frequently referred to, and, although never mentioned by name, we have no difficulty in recognizing Mr. Lincoln, especially in his fond, fatherly, homely intercourse with his son "Tad." We are also made to see plainly how the social forces at Washington then regarded him; how feebly they measured his historic greatness, and how apologetic, not to say shamefaced, was their attitude in regard to his lack of fashionable graces and polished breeding. Other typical personages in diplomatic life, native and foreign, are touched with equal familiarity and freedom. The dramatic point and pith of the story are found in the contrasts of character afforded by the wives of certain leading men and their ambitions and achievements as lobbyists. The story is always clever, and holds the reader's interest throughout.

What Came to Winifred. By Elizabeth Westyn Timlow. Illustrated. Dana Estes & Co., Boston. 5×7½ in. 86 pages. 50c.

Where the Sugar Maple Grows: Idylls of a Canadian Village. By Adeline M. Teskey. Illustrated. R. F. Fenno & Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 268 pages. $1.50.

This is a really entertaining series of rural sketches, the scenes of which are laid in Canada. They deserve to be called idyls of village life, and betray a real insight into different types of character as they may be found in every Yankee village as well as in Canada. They do not by any means depict merely the older natives of the soil, but also show the differentiations which close observers may note in the sons of Irishmen and other later comers into American social life. The handling of these types reveals more than common talent.

"Winks:" A Book of Recitations for Boys. By Alice Lewis Richards. Published by the Author, Cuyahoga Falls, Ohio. 5×7½ in. 153 pages.

Within the Gates. By Elizabeth Stuart Phelps. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. 5×7½ in. 150 pages. $1.25.

Mrs. Phelps Ward's last word on the mystery of the life unseen may be found in this the latest of the "Gates Ajar" series. Dr. Thorne is a physician of high moral character, popularity, and repute, beloved by patients and admired by friends. We see him come home overworked, irritable, fault-finding, in short thoroughly detestable to the wife who adores him and whom he devotedly loves in return. He rushes from his table to meet an appointment at the hospital, but he does not reach it. He meets with an accident, and the reader next encounters him in another world—a world in which he could never be brought to believe. He has no conception that he has passed through the experience called death; he wants to get back to his wife, but cannot find his way. He tries to send a message by telephone, but cannot make himself heard or understood. He hears newsboys crying out his death, and is enraged at what he believes to be a lie, but cannot contradict it, or even touch a newspaper to which he reaches his hand. Several former patients who have passed out of this life recognize him and try to help him, but he is earthbound and cannot receive their help. His intellect cannot serve him; he has no place, he is practically a nobody; he is spiritually blind. The rest of the drama occupies itself with the agencies through which Dr. Thorne obtains spiritual light. The story is emphatically a plea for the cultivation of spiritual light here, and for belief in progress after death. It also indicates that the life seen and the life unseen are in close touch, and the intercourse between the two easy to those who have found the key.

With the Regulars: A Story of North Carolina in 1768. By James Otis. (The Young Patriot Series.) A. L. Burt, New York. 5×7½ in. 303 pages. $1.

Another story by Mr. Otis. It treats of the Carolina patriots who, maddened by the injus-

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tice of the King's representative, Tryon, formed a league in defense of their rights and homes in 1768. Two lads are heroes of a story which introduces several historic personages and is told with spirit.

Working for God: A Sequel to Waiting on God. By the Rev. Andrew Murray. The Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. 3¾×6¾ in. 161 pages. 50c.

Christianity is service. This is the truth which an honored veteran here exhibits in numerous short studies on Biblical texts in the old-fashioned evangelical style, limited to interest in individual souls.

Works of Charles Dickens. Vol. XV. **Our Mutual Friend.** (New Century Library.) Thomas Nelson & Sons, New York. 4×6¼ in. 916 pages. $1

Year-Book of Famous Lyrics (A). Edited by Frederic Lawrence Knowles. Illustrated. Dana Estes & Co., Boston. 5×7½ in. 392 pages. $1.50.

Among the many Year-Books and Birthday Books this volume should find high place. The selections are made with remarkable taste and judgment, and the book is also a credit in point of typography and binding.

Zanzibar Tales: Told by Natives of the East Coast of Africa. Translated by George W. Bateman. Illustrated. A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago. 5×7½ in. 224 pages. $1.

A collection of folk-lore stories and animal myths which have been translated from the original Swahili—the language used by natives of the East Coast of Africa. There are a few illustrations of no great value. The tales themselves have a good deal of the interest belonging to the Uncle Remus stories, and it is easy to see that the tales related to Southern white children by their negro "uncles" and "aunties" have descended from the same source as have these, which are handed down from father to child on the coast of Africa.

Notes and Queries

It is seldom possible to answer any inquiry in the next issue after its receipt. Those who find expected answers late in coming will, we hope, bear in mind the impediments arising from the constant pressure of many subjects upon our limited space. Communications should always bear the writer's name and address. Any book named in Notes and Queries will be sent by the publishers of The Outlook, postpaid, on receipt of price.

Can you suggest a book—or list of books—suitable for reading and study by a Sunday-school class of young women of average intellectual ability? I should like a book dwelling on the great questions of our time in religious matters, yet one so attractive and stimulating and convincing as to quicken their religious lives in a broad way. I question if Fiske's books are not too *closely* thought out; and Van Dyke's too professional, Gilbert's too unmagnetic. Can you help one so particular? B.

It is difficult to meet all these requirements in one book. Nearest to them are the two following: Nordhoff's "God and a Future Life," written expressly for young people (Harpers); and Dole's "The Religion of a Gentleman" (Crowell; about $1 each). Two others, perhaps less adapted to your wishes, are Mathew's "Social Teachings of Jesus" (Macmillan, $1.50), and Spence's "Back to Christ," a simplification of theology (McClurg, Chicago, $1).

I have been requested to deliver a series of Sunday evening addresses on the History and Development of the Christian Church. Will you kindly suggest a half-dozen good books on this great subject? I am familiar with Neander, Schaff, and George P. Fisher. K. McN.

See the following: Hatch's "Influence of Greek Ideas and Usages on the Christian Church" (Scribners) and "Organization of the Early Church;" Orr's "Neglected Factors in the Study of the Early Progress of Christianity" (Armstrong); Uhlhorn's "Conflict of Christianity with Heathenism" and "Christian Charity in the Ancient Church" (Scribners); Allen's "Continuity of Christian Thought" and "Christian Institutions" (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.); Monroe's "Monuments of the Early Church" (Macmillan).

Where can I obtain Dr. John McLeod Campbell's work on the Theory of the Atonement, and at what price? Also the pamphlet critique of the work, where it can be obtained, etc. E. M. W.

Thomas Whittaker, New York, publishes the pamphlet work on "The Divine Satisfaction"—a critique on the Atonement generally, but largely in agreement with Campbell (price 40 cents)—and could probably supply Campbell's work on "The Nature of the Atonement" (about $2).

Please name, with publishers and price thereof, what you consider (1) the best complete history of the Jewish people, and also (2) the best popular *treatment (history) of the Jewish people from the* Christian era to the present. I rather prefer something written from the Jewish standpoint. H. P. M.

1. Graetz's "History of the Jews," in five volumes (Jewish Publication Society, Philadelphia, $3). 2. Leroy-Beaulieu's "Israel"—in the Story of the Nations Series (G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York, $1.50). See also Abraham's "Jewish Life in the Middle Ages" (The Macmillan Company, $1.75).

1. How much custom duty have books written in the English language to pay on entering this port? 2. Does the duty vary with subjects? that is, do scientific works pay more than fiction? 3. Are Americans forbidden to receive here one or two volumes from the Tauchnitz Collection, when such are for their own personal use, without thought of trade attached to the invoice? 4. How is duty collected on books sent from Europe by mail? M. L. F.

1. Twenty-five per cent. if published within twenty years. 2. The duty is on all books in the English language. 3. The Tauchnitz books may be imported but not taken into England. 4. The post-office has a custom-house clerk who collects duty before the package is delivered.

Some time ago, while conversing with a clergyman, he made the statement that there was more drunkenness in the United States and Canada than in Great Britain, and more liquor was consumed per capita. Will you please inform me through The Outlook if he was correct in saying that statistics bore him out in his statement? M. C. E.

Rowntree and Sherwell's "Temperance Problem and Social Reform" gives the following authoritative statement of the annual per capita consumption of liquor in the United States and Great Britain during the years 1894–1898:

	British Isles.	United States.
Spirits	1.00 gallon.	.93 gallon.
Wine	.39 gallon.	.28 gallon.
Beer	30.60 gallons.	12.60 gallons.
Total	31.99 gallons.	13.81 gallons.
Absolute alcohol	2.08 gallons.	1.00 gallon.

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The Excise Question: Some Opinions

FROM THE REV. S. D. McCONNELL, D.D.

Of the Church of the Holy Trinity, Brooklyn, N. Y.

I am not able yet to see my way to approve of opening saloons at any hour on Sunday. This is not from any regard for the supposed "sanctity of the day," but because I believe it would be bad for the public. That saloons can be closed completely on Sundays, just as dry-goods stores are when the authorities wish them to, has been shown again and again. The trouble is that the saloon-keepers are about the only class of business men who really wish to do business on Sunday; all others would prefer not to do so, and desire the support of the public to uphold them in their closing against their own competitors. I am constrained to think that the agitation for opening saloons on Sunday comes far more from the saloon-keepers than from their patrons. I am perfectly willing to allow that selling liquor is just as legitimate a business as selling cheese, but if it be so it should conform to the general customs of trade.

The consideration that the saloon is a "club," and for that reason should be allowed to remain open on Sunday, does not seem to me to rest on any substantial ground. In a few cases, no doubt, this is true, but, speaking generally, the saloon does not at all discharge the functions of a club. In any case where it is desired for that purpose it would not be difficult to organize a legitimate club and compel it to observe the same regulations as other clubs. I confess that I do not like the premises of the argument for Sunday opening—that is to say, that the law has shown itself impotent to deal with a particular class of violations. The question under consideration, it must be remembered, is not the liquor question nor the Sabbath question, but the Sunday question, which is quite a different thing. I believe that the trend of the population generally, more especially among workingmen, is toward closing business places more and more on Sunday. This is not due to the religious motive, but to practical experience. I am very reluctant to admit that this particular class of business should be allowed exemptions and privileges which are not offered to other trades.

I am not able to see how the local-option idea can be made to apply to the situation. If local option is to settle it, within what territory shall the expressions of opinion be regarded as final? Shall it be the option of the whole city or the option of a single borough? and if so, why not the option of a ward, or a still smaller subdivision? I believe that this whole matter is intrinsically a *State* question, to be dealt with by the law of the State, and that ultimately evil will necessarily come from taking it out from the general operation of law and regarding it as a question of local police. It seems to me that the question of general Sunday closing of business is one which lies at the bottom of the social and economic order, and I am very jealous of any attempt to evade it.

FROM THE REV. DAVID H. GREER

St. Bartholomew's Church, New York

This is a big and complex question, and I confess that I am not able to see as yet the right answer to it. I recognize the fact that the State has nothing to do with Sunday as a religious day, and that it might just as well appoint Monday or Saturday as a day of comparative rest and cessation from labor; but it has appointed Sunday, and, in the interest of the workingman, and more particularly the workingman's wife and children, I should be sorry to see it secularized by the opening of the saloons. Its tendency would be, in my judgment, to disintegrate and demoralize the home, and in doing that to demoralize society at large; for the home, as you and I know, is the ultimate unit of all social development.

FROM ROBERT GRAHAM

General Secretary of the Church Temperance Society

The first advantage we hoped to gain when we elected Mayor Low and District Attorney Jerome was that the law would be enforced in a fair and reasonable way; and that this will be done I have no doubt. I have no faith in the value of a ward or district local-option law. The high-rented

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wards would vote down the saloon; the poor tenement-house districts would be flooded with them, and would present the gross anomaly that what was lawless on one side of the street would be lawful on the other, to the destruction of right thinking and conduct. We are a cosmopolitan city, but we are all American, by adoption if not by birth; and I for one believe with all my soul in the American Sunday of rest.

FROM THE REV. A. P. DOYLE

Of the Paulist Fathers, Editor of the "Catholic World Magazine"

I have given Dr. Funk's proposal a good deal of consideration, and I find it very difficult to think well of it.

1. Local option by wards will have the effect of segregating saloons apart and placing them among the poor and the defenseless. These people ordinarily cannot protect themselves, and they need our protection against the drink plague. The city will become, on account of this multiplication of saloons in localities, like the leper's body, fair and beautiful in some parts, but in others rotting into decomposition.

2. The city is a moral unit, and the healthier classes (morally) have a responsibility for the weaker, and must extend the protection of good laws over them.

The advantages that you suggest are not an unmixed good. (1) It would allow Sunday selling only where locally demanded. I answer that, if the local demand were healthy and there were no danger of abuse, it would be good to allow it. But if it creates drunkards, if it ruins families, if it blasts virtue of the young and innocent? Some people must be protected against themselves. (2) Is it not selfish for the better classes to uproot the weeds of civilization from their own vicinity and cast them at the door of the poor?

3. There is a certain truth in the fact that it will not extend Sunday selling.

4. Is not that "other class" responsible anyhow? Can any citizen relieve himself of the responsibility of the civic welfare? He pays taxes, and largely, to provide for the product of the saloon in criminal cases, in poorhouses, etc. The abolition of the Raines Law hotel would be a desideratum that is "the vicious appendage." This can be done, however, in a more direct way.

FROM THE REV. D. PARKER MORGAN

Of the Church of the Heavenly Rest

I feel entirely as the lamented Mr. Waring felt when he wrote these words in The Outlook: "If it were possible to stop drinking by prohibition, I should be a Prohibitionist; and I should cease my own very moderate use of wine and spirits." But prohibition has been again and again proved a failure. I have thought long and earnestly upon this question, and I have come to the firm conviction that the wisest thing we can do, *at present at least*, is to open the saloon for an hour and a half or so, say from 12:30 P.M., to 2 P.M.—so that the workingman may be able to have his "dinner beer." What I fear is that those who agree with me will insist upon going much further, and ask to have the saloon open all or the greater part of Sunday afternoon. I fear this, but will hope my fears are vain, until I have clear proof to the contrary.

FROM DR. ARTHUR C. KIMBER

The views of Dr. Kimber, the vicar of St. Augustine's Chapel in this city, are of special interest because they come from a man conversant with German sentiment. In an interview published in the New York "Tribune" he says:

> Most of the members of this congregation are Germans. They have been accustomed all their lives to drinking beer, and they drink it on Sundays as well as on week-days. Yet you will never find one of them in a saloon on Sunday. They say that no respectable Germans go to these places on that day. Invariably they buy their beer on Saturday and keep it until the next day, in order that they may not violate the law. It is a fact that in many saloons in this immediate neighborhood which are now open you will find only loafers and men who have little respect for themselves and their families. My experience hereabouts has been that the people do not want the saloons kept open on the rest day. They realize the iniquity of it. As to Bishop Doane's statement that it would be practically impossible to prevent the sale of liquor on Sunday, it is well known that in Philadelphia they have solved the problem. The police in that city have almost completely put a stop to the illegal traffic on Sunday, and what Philadelphia can do New York can do.

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FROM BISHOP DOANE

The Right Rev. William Croswell Doane, Protestant Episcopal Bishop of the Diocese of Albany, in a letter resigning his position as Chairman of the Church Temperance Society says:

I fully realize the two-sidedness and the troublesomeness of the whole question. I have not yielded one iota my strong conviction about the danger of giving an inch to the liquor-sellers, about the necessity of guarding the sacredness of the Lord's Day, and about the questionableness of giving extra privileges to the people who sell the most dangerous and deleterious article of trade.

But the other question, which comes very strongly home to me, is the question whether or not Sunday is not more degraded by the uncontrolled sale of liquor against an unenforced law, involving, in the first place, its sale by the most unprincipled class of its sellers and its use by the worst sort of buyers, and involving besides putting law in light esteem and opening the temptation to deception and blackmail. Should we not have a Sunday freer from deception and more decently observed, at any rate in such places as the majority of the inhabitants desire it, if a law that could be enforced, and would have public opinion behind it which would help enforce it, were in existence, absolutely prohibiting all sales until two or three o'clock in the afternoon or after ten o'clock at night? It seems to be conceded, not only by the people who are most experienced in dealing with this question, but by those who are greatly concerned in the present aspect of it (1) that the absolute prohibition of Sunday sale cannot be put into execution; (2) that it leads to underhandedness and the corruption of the police; (3) that it is really no protection to the sacredness of the Lord's Day, and (4) that the operation of the Raines Law at present is accompanied with evils more serious than those which it is intended to prevent.

Correspondence

The Boer Prisoners at Bermuda

To the Editors of The Outlook:

In August last an appeal from the central Lend a Hand Society for the Boer prisoners in Bermuda was printed in your paper. The answers to that appeal we have acknowledged by letter. From your readers and from other sources we have received $417.50, a portion of which money we have spent as advised by our correspondents, and a portion of which we have sent to be used by the kind chaplain and his wife as they may deem wise. A month ago we shipped five packages of various articles to Bermuda. We quote from a letter from a bank official at Hamilton just now received:

The assortment contains a little of everything, and must evidently have been selected with care. It certainly reflects the consideration and thoughtfulness of the Lend a Hand Society. Colonel Jones has given his permission for the goods to be forwarded. Outside of this shipment I have heard of nothing else that has come from the States. The Commandant at Darrell's called to see me with reference to the despatching of twenty flour-sacks and one hundred and seventy-five feet of lumber which I asked to be allowed to forward. I assured him that I did not believe that the man (a Boer prisoner) meant to build a raft, but a house, and he willingly gave me leave to send the stuff, and offered to assist me in getting it there.

By every mail I am in receipt of money orders from Holland for different prisoners, small amounts, and of letters asking for information of persons whose whereabouts have been lost track of. A young lady now at The Hague asks by this mail if her only brother is in Bermuda. They left Pretoria together on the 16th of April, 1900. He went to join Beyer's commando, and since then she has never heard a word from him.

By the steamer of November 16 we are shipping several packages containing over twelve hundred articles of new clothing for the prisoners, besides a generous supply of second-hand things. The weather in Bermuda is fine as a rule, but there are occasionally severe storms of several days' length, when the tents cannot withstand the wind and the torrents of rain. The old people feel the effects of these storms sadly and need protection.

There are about four thousand of these prisoners, on four islands.

We have received several proposals from gentlemen who would be glad to hire Boer workmen on their farms. But no arrangements can be made for such purposes until there is peace in Africa.

EDWARD E. HALE, Pres.
MRS. BERNARD WHITMAN, Sec'y.

Boston, 1 Beacon Street.

The Boers in Bermuda

To the Editors of The Outlook:

For a man who never so much as set foot inside the Boer laagers of Bermuda, Frank Schell Ballentine has told a re-

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markable story in his paper entitled "A Visit to the Boers in Bermuda," recently published in The Outlook. Unfortunately, Mr. Ballentine has described conditions that he has been led to suppose prevailed on Darrell's Island.

In the third paragraph Mr. Ballentine says, "The limited area of the island does not allow much space for exercise in the way of games afield." None but a blind man could have passed by and not seen the tennis-court, the croquet-ground, the quoit-ground, the outdoor gymnasium, and the field whereon President Kruger's and Queen Wilhelmina's birthday's athletic sports were held, and both running and obstacle races, high and broad jump and other events, took place. Photographs of these places and of the racing and jumping, taken by the prisoners of war, were recently in my possession. Several have already been published in contemporary journals. Billiard-tables and pianos don t occupy very much space, it is true, but they take up enough to be mentioned, and one each of these are found on Darrell's Island.

It is about time that the light of truth be allowed to shed its rays on life in these encampments. Truth, when one sets out to find it, is so simple that how Mr. Ballentine could, with the exercise of ordinary care, have fallen into the errors he has is beyond comprehension. Take, for instance, the ration list. Evidently Mr. Ballentine did not verify it, or he would have noted its incompleteness. From any one of the prisoners he could have learned, as I did from Commandant Ferreira, that, besides 1 lb. of meat and 1¼ lbs. of *Graham* bread (please note italics), *1 lb. of biscuit is added*, and that *½ lb. of fresh vegetables* and *1-10 of a gill of lime juice* are served each man per diem.

Mr. Ballentine's reference to camp discipline is very vague. He might have found out easily while on his "visit" that *all* matters of camp discipline are left in the hands of a landdrost court, a public prosecutor, and a sheriff duly elected by the burghers, and in these, together with the Commandant, the power of maintaining camp discipline is vested. The British authorities only exercise the power of *remitting or reducing* the penalties if deemed too severe.

That clothing is furnished free to the destitute, and at a nominal charge to those with means, Mr. Ballentine could have been told by Captain Schonken or any of the other Boer authorities had he ventured on the inquiry. He might also have learned from them why the charge for clothing was instituted. Boer cupidity brought it about, for when the outfits for the destitute prisoners were distributed, many of their comrades, hoping to get better clothing, donned the oldest clothing they had, and it was to check this spirit that the charge was levied.

As to the clothing of which the burghers stand in need, it is not quantity so much as *quality*. The clothing supplied by the British authorities is too coarse, the burghers say, for the climate. Of things needed underlinen is most essential. When Mr. Ballentine heard that some of the prisoners "are so destitute that they have been compelled to cut up their blankets," he might have tried to verify the statement, and when on "our visit" could easily have sought out the prisoners and given us their names. Why deal in generalities in so serious a matter?

The death-list was already large enough as it stood, without the necessity for Mr. Ballentine adding to it. Only five prisoners died in Bermuda up to September 17.

A number of pretty conspicuous things on Darrell's Island seem to have escaped your correspondent's attention. Among them are the two water tanks which stand over 11 feet high, and which hold 620 gallons of fresh water apiece, and the sheds and houses. The condensers produce *700 gallons* of water per hour, *not* 600; that on Darrell's Island, Mr. Ballentine says, "supplies about four thousand gallons a day," and there are only nine hundred prisoners there. Why, instead of stating, "There is no fresh water," does not Mr. Ballentine tell his readers that *every prisoner receives two gallons of fresh water a day*, is permitted to wash his kitchen utensils in the hot waste-water ejected by the condensers, and is allowed to bathe? In the collection of photographs obtained by me, Mr. Höniche, a prisoner of Darrell's Island, included a picture showing the men washing up. I saw several of them bathing off the island. Are not two gallons of fresh water enough

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for a day's supply, especially when the privilege of sea bathing is added?

Mr. Ballentine says, "There are no houses on the island where the Boer laagers are." I am sorry to contradict him. I was inside of two, and the photos I had showed some on Port's Island, while on Darrell's, Tucker's, Morgan's islands there are several frame sheds.

The rate of remuneration offered the Boer burghers for work outside the laager is the same as is paid to the British soldier, who gets less food and has to pay extra for his groceries. The coal the burghers were asked to carry was their own coal, and the work of unloading the coal barge was offered them to enable those that wished it to earn a little money. They were never offered work at the Hamilton coal wharves, as both the Governor and the Adjutant-General can prove.

Most of us living in the North have been led to believe that Bermudian climate is temperate in winter, and therefore many of us go to spend the winter months there; but Mr. Ballentine tells us of "penetrating rain-storms and continual drenchings to the skin and chills to the bone." This may all be true, and, if it be so, I doubt whether, even then, it is any worse than the rainy season on the veldt. The tents occupied by the burghers are all rain-proof field-tents, with wooden flooring. They each cover an area of 196 square feet.

Of course there is some suffering among the Boer burghers, and, as long as there are prisoners of war anywhere in the world there will be some. This is chiefly mental; that which is physical is due to inability to adapt self to conditions. Mr. Ballentine did land in the Warwickshire's Guard camp on Tucker's Island at about noon on September 12; he did penetrate the British officers' mess; and he was escorted back to the duty-boat and warned not to return. As to penetrating the Boer laagers, the Adjutant-General, Colonel Quayle-Jones, writing me on October 25, said: "The Rev. F. S. Ballentine asked for permission to inspect the islands, *which request I was obliged to refuse.*"

FRANK H. VIZETELLY.

[The Rev. F. S. Ballentine, the author of the article to which this correspondent takes exception, is in charge of Christ Church (P. E.) in Scranton, Pa., and we have every reason to suppose him to be a trustworthy and conscientious writer. The article was prepared at our request during Mr. Ballentine's visit to Bermuda, and was founded, as appears from close examination of it, not only on personal observation but on conversations with many people. With regard to the main statement made by our correspondent—namely, that Mr. Ballentine did not "set foot inside the Boer laagers," although he speaks in his article of a visit to these laagers, Mr. Ballentine informs us that he "visited the Boer laager on Darrell's Island in company with the Rev. A. Stunden, curate of Pembroke Parish, Hamilton, Bermuda;" that together with Mr. Stunden he visited the mess of the British officers, was entertained by them pleasantly in their reception tent, and that then, on the proposal of the British officers themselves, the two clergymen were taken to the laager and shown through it. The article was based on what Mr. Ballentine saw at this visit, and also on what he was told by various people. It is true, however, that a subsequent request for official permission to visit in turn all the laagers was, as Mr. Ballentine terms it, "warmly and emphatically refused." The statement of Colonel Quayle-Jones refers to this latter incident. With regard to the minor points raised by our correspondent, we need only say that it is quite possible that Mr. Ballentine was mistaken in some of the details, and that it is impossible for us to attempt to decide as to the controverted points. Another correspondent thinks that some of the phrases used by Mr. Ballentine in regard to the effect of Bermuda's storms and winter conditions generally in the islands might be misconstrued or receive too wide an application. It is hardly necessary to say that the general climate of Bermuda has been for centuries famous for its mildness, and that its attractions as a winter resort are superlative. It may be noted, however, in this connection that Mr. Ballentine expressly mentioned Bermuda's "general reputation for favorable climatic conditions," and stated that "the sanitary conditions under ordinary circumstances are all that could be desired."—THE EDITORS.]

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Settlement Work in Pittsburg

To the Editors of The Outlook:

The 11th of November will mark the beginning of a new era for Settlement work in Pittsburg. Kingsley House, the Social Settlement in that city, was founded in 1893 by the Rev. George Hodges, then rector of Calvary Church, Pittsburg, at 1707 Penn Avenue. At the recommendation of Professor Richard T. Ely, the position of Headworker was offered to Dr. Kate Everest. Shortly after the work was begun it suffered what seemed at first the crushing loss of its founder. Dr. Hodges resigned his Pittsburg cure to accept the position of Dean of the Cambridge (Mass.) Divinity School; but, in spite of the onerous cares and responsibilities connected with this important position, his interest in Kingsley House has never flagged.

The house first selected proving unsuitable for its needs, the Settlement soon moved into that adjoining, 1709 Penn Avenue, which was fitted up with considerable taste. It was still, however, too small for the work, which grew almost too fast for the powers of the workers. On the marriage of Dr. Everest at the end of two years, the supporters of the House secured the services of Miss Mary B. Lippincott, then Assistant Headworker in the College Settlement in Philadelphia.

Under her able management the work has wonderfully prospered. It has all the usual Settlement features—library, kindergarten, clubs for recreation and for education, neighborhood receptions, and so on—yet has through all this a distinctive personal note; this is the note of geniality. Every one is at home in Kingsley House as soon as he or she enters its hospitable doors. Settlements are usually homelike, it is true, but this quality is shown in a higher degree by Kingsley House than by any known to the present writer.

The work is also eminently practical. The class in mechanical drawing has been since its beginning under the charge of young men connected with the Westinghouse Company, and has thus offered professional instruction to other young men who have not had means or time for the full course of training. In this way some promising talent has been developed, and much valuable assistance has been given to those who find the world by no means "all before them, where to choose," in the matter of finding profitable employment.

In consequence partly of the fine work thus barely and insufficiently indicated, and partly of the quick and responsive character of the people among whom it has worked, Kingsley House for several years has found its quarters quite too narrow for the new claims pressing in from all sides. When the necessity became known, it found immediate satisfaction. A fine old family mansion on the hill behind the Union Station was purchased and presented to the Kingsley House Association by Mr. H. C. Frick, of Pittsburg, who also sustained the cost of the necessary repairs, additions, and alterations. The furniture and decorations were supplied by friends of the House; and the result is one of the most stately, harmonious, and well-equipped Settlement Houses in the country. It is to be formally opened for work on Monday, November 11, by a reception to invited friends of the Settlement, when addresses are expected from persons well known in social work, including Mr. Woods, of South End House, Mr. Billings, of Wells Memorial Institute, Boston, and Mr. Gavitt, formerly of Chicago Commons.

Some features of the work in the new neighborhood will be the Men's Club, in which, by attractive quarters, freedom from supervision, the use of the gymnasium, books, games, etc., it is sought to supply a counter-attraction to the saloon.

The gymnasium itself is new, and will be open to boys and men on payment of a small fee. It will also be the aim of the headworker to extend the work of industrial training for boys, by adding classes in woodwork, wrought iron, and plumbing, as fast as means and opportunity will permit. The enterprise is a large one, and the labor arduous; but the rare executive ability of Miss Lippincott, which has attained success in the past, will doubtless command it in the future.

Pittsburg, Pa., November, 5, 1901. **W.**

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